

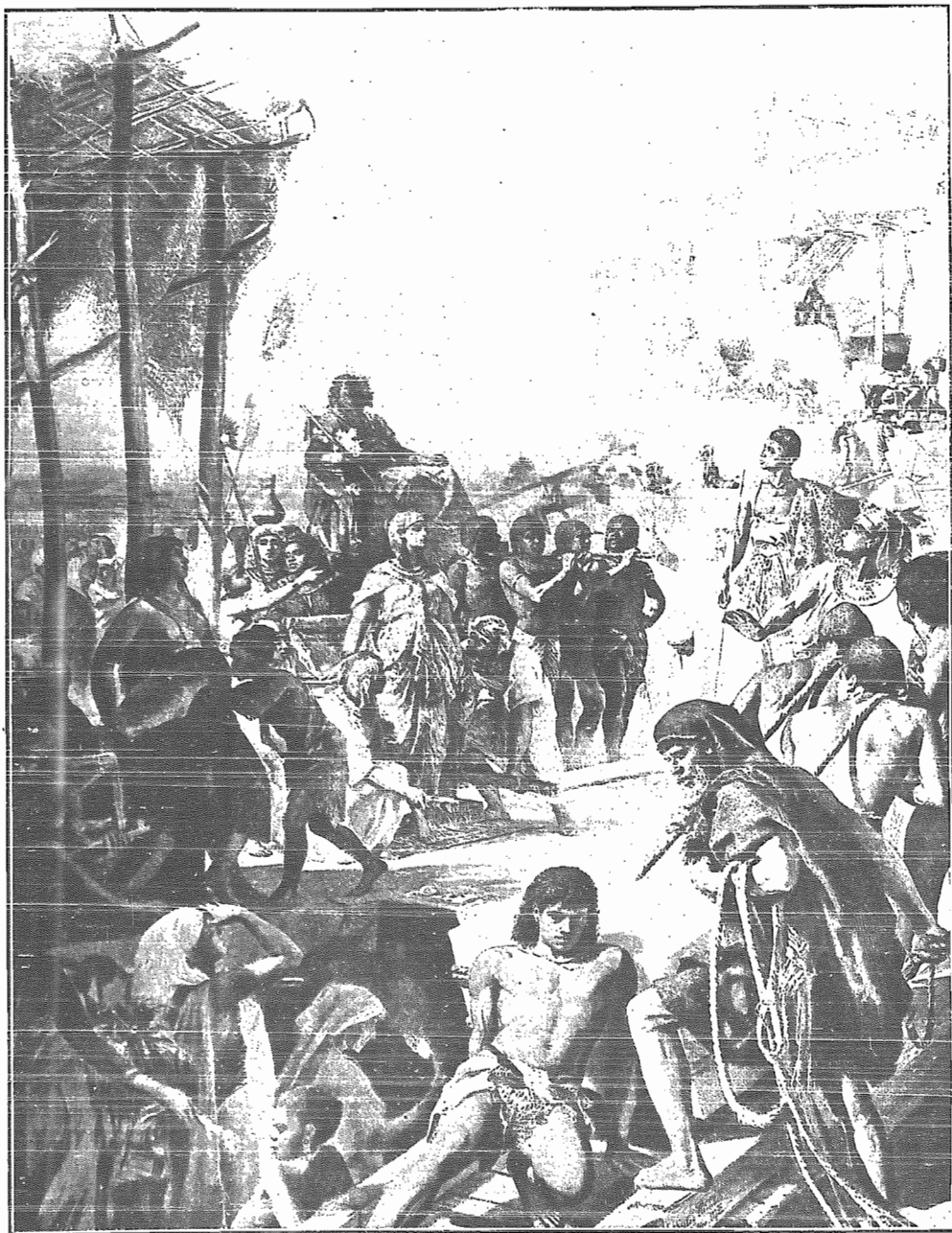
THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

17th Year. No. 19.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1901.

Price, 5 Cents.



"IN SLAVERY."

(See article on page 3.)

WORDS OF GLADSTONE.

Never be doing nothing.

To be served by all is dangerous; to be contradicted by none is worse.

Every real and searching effort of self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

The sacrifice of things seen for things unseen is not only reasonable, but the highest reason.

There will always be scandals to make us humble, and faults and warts crying aloud to make us diligent.

A long experience impresses me with the belief that selfishness does not grow in intensity as we move downwards in society from class to class.

You must not run down patches. Many places built all at once are most uncomfortable, and some of the most convenient houses I know have been patched up. We get most of our comfort out of patches.

The multiplication of the appliances of material and worldly life, and the increased command of them through the ever-mounting aggregate of wealth in the favored section of society, silently but steadily tend to enfeeble in our minds the sense of dependence, and to efface the kindred sense of sin.

A MURDERER'S LAST WORDS.

Thursday, Jan. 17th, at 8:05 a.m. Morrison, the murderer of the McArthur family, of Moosomin, was hanged at Regina, N. W. T. His crime was one of the most brutal ones of recent years.

Rev. J. A. Carmichael, his spiritual adviser, and Capt. Gilliam, of the Salvation Army, offered him consolation, the latter remaining with the delinquent during the whole of the last night on earth.

Upon reaching the scaffold, Morrison made a brief speech, in which he expressed his sorrow for his bad life, and the hope that his punishment would act as a warning to others. He had truly repented of his sins, and believed the Lord had forgiven him.

After the conclusion of his speech the rope was placed in position and the black cap placed over his eyes. Capt. Gilliam offered prayer, during which the bolt was drawn which launched Morrison into eternity.

A Backslider's Doom.

He had been a convert in the Army for some time, but became a backslider. When asked why he had given up the service of God he said that his people were very much against him being in the Army, and gave him no rest until they saw him to step out of their ranks. His mother, in particular, expressed the wish that the Army would leave her boy alone, and that he would not stay in his ranks long. The mother got her wish, when the son became a wanderer, but he was not satisfied nor happy. He told a comrade that he was going to start again, and that when he did start he would allow no one to hinder him again. One Saturday night our brother came to the meeting, but refused to decide then. Next day, before ten o'clock he met his death while breaking the Sabbath. The last chance he ever had was refused, for in the end he suddenly found him unprepared. Sinner, don't refuse another call of mercy. It may be the last.—Ensign Jennings.

If thou can't rest continually recollect thyself, yet do it sometimes at least once a day, namely, in the morning, or at night. In the morning fix thy good purpose; and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed, and thought, for in these, perhaps, thou hast sometimes offended against God and thy neighbor.

AN APPEAL TO THE UNSAVED.

BY THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

(May be read at the conclusion of the War Cry Meeting. See pages 6 and 7.)

APPEAL.

But then another difficulty comes in, and people say, "I have not the power to repent." Oh, yes you have. There is a grand mistake. You have the power, or God would not command it. You can repent. You can this moment lift up your eyes to heaven, and say with the Prodigal, "Father, I have sinned, and I renounce my sin." You may not be able to weep—God now requires or commands that; but you are able, this very moment, to renounce sin in purpose, in resolution, in intention. Mind, don't confound the renouncing of the sin with the power of saving yourself from it. If you renounce it, Jesus will come and save you from it. Like the man with the withered hand—Jesus intended to heal that man. Where was the power to come from to heal him? From Jesus, of course. The benevolence, the love, that prompted that healing all came from Jesus; but Jesus wanted a condition. What was it? The response of the man's will; and so He said, "Stretch forth Thine hand."

And if he had been like some of you, he would have said, "What an unreasonable command! You know I cannot do it—I cannot." Some of you say that; but I say you can, and you will have to do it, or you will be lost. What did Jesus want? He wanted that "I will, Lord," inside the man—the response of his will. He wanted him to say, "Yes, Lord," and the moment he said that, Jesus supplied strength, and he stretched it forth, and you know what happened.

Don't look forward, and say, "I shall not have strength;" that is not your matter—that is His. He will hold you up—He is able, when you once commit yourself to Him. Now then, say, "I will." Never mind what you suffer—it shall be done. He will pour in the oil and the balm. His glorious, blessed presence will do more for you in one hour than all your struggling, praying, and wrestling have done all these weary years. He will lift you up out of the pit. You are in the mire now, and the more you struggle, the more you sink; but He will lift you out of it, and put your feet on the rock, and then you will stand firm. Stretch out your withered hand, whatever it may be; say, "I will, Lord." You have the power, and mind, you have the obligation, which is universal and immediate. God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent," and to believe the Gospel. What a tyrant He must be if He commands that and yet He knows you have not the power!

Now, do you repent? Mind the old snare. Now, do you weep?—Oh, dear, no. The feeling will come after this surrender.

Now, do not say, "I do not feel enough." Do you feel enough to h—

willing to forsake your sin?—that is the point. Any soul who does not repent enough to forsake his sin is not penitent at all! When you repent enough to forsake your sin, that moment your repentance is sincere, and you may take hold of Jesus with a firm grasp. You have a right to appropriate the promise. Then it is look and live. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Will you to-night come to that point? Don't begin making an excuse. Now!—all men!—everywhere!—NOW! Oh, my friend, if you will do that ten years ago! You have been accumulating sin, condemnation, and wrath ever since. God commanded you these ten years ago to repent, and believe the Gospel, and here you are yet. How many sermons have you heard?—institutions rejected? How much blessed persuasion and reasoning of the Holy Spirit have you resisted?—how much of the grace of God have you received in vain? Oh! people regret that, I forgive them, but I want an accumulated load of sin, privilege, lost opportunity, and wasted influence such people will have to give an account of. Talk about hell!—the weight of this will be hell enough. You don't seem to think anything of the way you treat God. Oh! people are very much awake to any evil they do to their fellowmen. They can much more easily see the sin of ruining or injuring their neighbors than injuring the Great God! But He says, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me." Do you not see the awful weight of condemnation that comes upon you for putting off, rejecting, or neglecting, or hating, or while He says, "Now—now?" He has had a right to every breath you have drawn, to all your influence, every hour of every day all these ten years. Is it not time you ended that controversy? He may do with you as He did with such people once before—swear in His wrath that you shall not enter into His rest. Are you not provoking Him as they provoked Him? Oh, my friend, be persuaded now to repent. Let your sin go away, and come to the feet of Jesus. For your own sake, be persuaded. For the peace, the joy, the power, the glory, the gladness of living a life of consecration to God and service to your fellow-men, yield; but most of all, for the love He bears you, submit.

A great, rough man (stricken down), said to the General, when he looked up to the place where other people were being saved, "Mr. Booth, I would not go there for a hundred pounds!" The General whispered, "Will you go there for love?" and after a minute's hesitation, the man, brushing the great tears away, rose up, and followed him.

Will you go there for love—the love of Jesus?—the great love wherewith He loved you and gave Himself for you? Will you, for the great yearning with which your Father has been following you all these years—for His love's sake, will you come? Go down at His feet and submit. The Lord help you. Amen!

HEAR THE CRY OF THE MILLIONS!

In bondage of DRINK, bereft of reason and hope, they make their bodies the temple of fiends.

In the chains of CRIME, sinking below the level of the brute.

In the shackles of GREED, selling their soul for the gain of money and earthly possessions.

In the gaudy fetters of FASHION, seeking adulation and approval of appearance to cover over the ugliness of their inward being.

In the slavery of APPETITES that seek only the gratification of the grossest senses, making their bodies the graves of their souls.

In the thralldom of SIN, reeking the body, outraging conscience, and poisoning the soul.

WILL YOU COME TO THE RESCUE?



The Plucked Flower.

Once a gardener had a choice flower that he tended and valued above all the flowers of the garden. One morning it was missing. He thought a servant had taken it, and went about asking if they had plucked it. Then a servant said, "I saw the master walking in the garden early, and he plucked it." The gardener asked, "Is it well? The flower was his?" For him I nursed and tended it, and as he has taken it, it is well."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Christian Chinaman.

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family which belonged to a fashionable church. The lady said to him,

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No; I Christian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No; I Christian man."

"He was engaged, and was found honest and capable. By-and-by the lady gave a progressive euchre party, with wine accompaniments. John did his part acceptably, but the next morning he appeared before his mistress, saying,

"I want quit."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"No a Christian man; I told you so. No work for Melianen—Sol."

The Two Roads.

There are two roads before us. The one steep, rough, narrow, hard, but always climbing steadily upward, and always reaching its goal; the other broad, easy, flowery, descending, and therefore easier than the first. One is the path of obedience for the love of Christ. In that path there is no death, and those who tread it shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. The other is the path of self-will and self-preservation, which fails to reach its unworthy goal, and brings the man at last to the edge of a black precipice, over the verge of which the impetus of his descent will carry his reluctant feet. "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble."—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

Immortality.

Even in a moral point of view. I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three stages of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly, have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being's terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination. And it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dank and fetid dung-hill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams—than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of unbounded power and infinite wisdom.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself, and not your words, preach for you.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self; let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

THE EMBEZZLEMENT OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

By A. M. N.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT MORNING.

Henry Whitelife did not come down stairs till 11:30 next morning. A cup of tea had been handed in to him about an hour. He was so fast asleep, however, that his sister thought it advisable not to disturb him. "Poor boy," she said to the maid, "he's not strong; he has not the constitution to long endure heavy dinners, late nights, and excitement."

When Henry walked into the breakfast parlor his appearance too frequently confirmed her impression. "Henry," she cried, "are you ill?" "No, I'm not; but I have a beastly bad headache. I want a large soda. Fetch it!" Quick! "Oh, God!"

"Henry! What language?" she said, nervously, pulling the bell, and rushing to the side of her brother, who sank into an arm chair and pressed his hands on his temples, as if to do away the racking torture.

"What have you been doing? Where have you been?" the loving sister continued, placing her cool, tender hand on his forehead, and instantly withdrawing it, as the pain subsided. "Harry, you are in a high fever."

"You are driving me mad, Marjory! Don't speak one word! Fetch me the soda, or I'll choke! You are like all women—you want to know this, that, and the other. Soda!—soda! Oh, my poor head!"

"Ah, that's life to me!" he said, when he had drunk the glass almost at one gulp. "Life!—life! What an ass I was to go with Seymour to—"

"Where?"

"Never you mind. I don't meddle with your business, do I?" and the weak, nervous youth rose to his feet, and turned his back to the warm, glowing fire.

The instinct of the woman discerned the brother's true state. He had been drinking, gambling, and perhaps worse. His flushed face, feverish, perspiring forehead, dark-rimmed eyes, and listless, restless gaze touched the sister's heart.

"Henry, my dear, dear boy, you are not well. Sit down," and she placed her hand in her brother's. "Take a little breakfast and retire to your bedroom for the day!"

"Oh, curse it—curse the whole thing! Marjory, I am a fool, and I will never, never be such an ass again. Do you know when I got home this morning? Half-past six! Yes, fast! Mary let me in. Don't be childish, Marjory. All us fellows have to go through the same thing. I went too far last night. I shall know better next time. Don't peech on me, Marjory dear. Yes, I'll take breakfast. What are you rotting with your eyes?"

"Marjory had succeeded in putting Henry once more in the arm-chair, but not without crying. She loved her brother, for since the mother's death she had partly assumed the responsibility of managing Edeugrove. Had Miss Whitelife known that the Divine Spirit could live in her heart, she would have become a saint, and Henry might have escaped the disaster which was looming before young Henry Whitelife."

"Henry, dear, I don't think that young gentlemen should be schooled in the knowledge of young things in order to become men."

"Father thinks so. At any rate, he doesn't object."

"Father is wrong, and too old to see it. Would you like to see me make the same way as you are?" she asked, drawing still nearer to her brother.

"Now, what would you have us fellows do?"

This was a question which Marjory, with her ignorance of the world, could not answer, at which her brother laughed.

"You are all right, Marjory. You and Father Doyle are the best people in the world. And I am all right, too, if I could only get—"

He did not complete the sentence, for Marjory had detected the absence of what was, to her, a very sacred

article, namely, Harry's neck-tie pin. "Oh," she cried, "you have lost your diamond pin?"

Harry Whitelife was too young a student in the practice of dissimulation to dissimulate with success, so he rose again from the chair, sat down at the head of the table, asked his sister to pour him out some tea, and then made an "honest confession" of his night's debauch.

"It is really, Marjory, the first time I have done wrong. There's nothing wrong in betting, if done in moderation. We all bet, you know. It's a healthy recreation, and the fun of losing and gaining is quite a tonic to a fellow's nerves. I lost, for me, rather heavily last night, and if I can squeeze a check for a £100 out of the governor to-day, I shall square my debts, redeem my watch, chain, and pin, and keep clear of it in the future."

"Thank God, Henry! I'm sure betting is a vice. There's Robertson's son; you know they have had to send him to the Cape. He disgraced his father through betting."

Henry laughed. "My dear Marjory," he said, "you must not think I am going to give up my bit of innocent gambling. Oh, dear, no. You have misunderstood me. I see no wrong at all in it if one keeps within the bounds of moderation. But I

you £100? You had £30 last week," Marjory pointed out.

"Egad, Marjory, I forgot! What yarn shall I spin, then?"

"Be at all, Henry," Marjory replied, indignantly. "Be a man."

"Now, Marjory; remember my head."

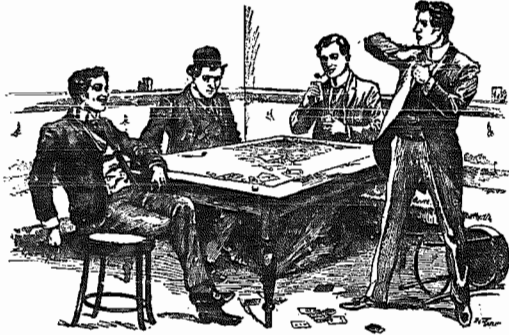
"I do, Henry—God knows I do; but I also remember that you might have been on the river this morning with your old schoolmate but for your night of gaudy and gambling. I do not forget, either, that you are about to convert a son into a committing author; and until someone else takes my place in this house, Henry, these things must be put before you."

Marjory Whitelife spoke with unusual vehemence, and when she had finished she felt she had discharged a solemn responsibility. Her brother was stunned by the moral power of the denunciation, and, with the cowardice of the guilty, he meekly answered, "I apologize for offending you, sister. I must get this £100 somehow, and I'll try and act on your good advice. It is very kind of you."

Henry Whitelife was now fairly launched on the stormy sea of deception. He had sailed for a time, in the calm shadow of little, petty acts of deceit; he was about to plunge into a veritable tempest. He determined to lie to his father, and, for getting his promise to his sister, he sought an interview with his father in the afternoon.

As usual, he was in the Snuggery, studying the financial columns of the evening papers, and puffing an expensive Havana cigar.

"Who's there?" he gruffly and



Gambling Away His Diamond Pin.

draw the line at diamond pins. I was a fool to part with mine last night. I am very much satisfied. Henry stopped to enquire whether this mode of reasoning was logical or not. Their code of morality was regulated by the customs of society. If the thing was fashionable, it was bound to be right! This principle, if principle it can be called, guided the disposition of their time, wealth, and influence.

Marjory Whitelife, however, was far from satisfied. The absence of the pin from the neck-tie of her brother made a deep wound in her feelings, for an incident surrounded the pin which was held sacred in her memory. The pin was one of her birthday gifts to her brother, given shortly after a leading London physician had despaired of Henry's life; and when she knew the circumstances under which he had parted with it, she almost wished that her brother had died at the time of his sickness. "How could you do such a thing, Henry? It wasn't nice at all. You say you love me very much."

"And so do I, Marjory. And if the governor will only give me £100 I shall redeem the pin, and you will never have occasion to lament my conduct again."

Ah! Little did young Whitelife realize at that moment that within a few hours he would still farther barter with his honor, and that, in course of time, he would fill the soul of his beloved sister with bitterness and sorrow such as only those who have been the victims of a family disgrace can adequately understand.

"How can you expect father to give

sharply cried, on hearing a gentle tap at the door.

"I, father," replied Henry, walking in.

"Well, well, what now? I thought you were in the city, you young lobster."

"No, father; I didn't go. I have been feeling very ill to-day."

"Nonsense! Don't believe it. What with? See Dr. Richardson at once. At once—do you hear? Why do you stand there looking like a ghost?"

"I am not well."

"Go at once, I tell you, to Dr. Richardson."

"I have seen, and—"

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? What does he say?"

"He said that owing to undue exertion—"

"Doctors will soon be as vile as lawyers—proceed briefly; briefly."

"Owing to undue exertion I ought to have a change of air, and he suggests Lyons."

"Agreed. Hand me my cheque-book. How much do you want?" Mr. Whitelife asked. "Hold!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It is only last week since I gave you £200. Where's that gone?"

Young Whitelife, who had never seen the doctor, was now utterly possessed by the spirit of lying, and so he said what came into his head. "I have subscribed £2 to the Gordon Fund. I gave the London Club £10 towards a special prize for the endeavoring to raise, and—and—"

"Enough. Don't, for heaven's sake, go into details! Here's a cheque for £100. When are you going?"

"To-morrow morning. This is very, very kind of you, and—"

"Go!" Mr. Whitelife roared; and with more haste than honor Henry Whitelife walked from his father's presence with all speed, and made straight for the billiard-room, where Sid Villier was waiting to hand him back his pool engagers for another game, and take him away for a week—but not to Lyons.

"But, my God! Sid, what shall I do? I must write father and let him know when I arrive at Lyons."

"Ah! yes! I forgot that detail, Henry. But leave that to me; leave that to me, my boy. I have been up this street before. For aught he would walk down this street; for aught he would walk down that night from Edeugrove, it was toward a still deeper depth of shame."

(To be continued.)

IN SLAVERY.

(To our frontispiece.)

Labor is a blessing. Honest labor develops a man; idleness degrades him.

Labor strengthens the muscles, hardens the arteries, sharpens the intellect, and quickens the senses; idleness degenerates and coarsens all.

Labor ennobles the soul and teaches it invaluable lessons, while idleness invites the devil and his mischief.

But while labor lifts up and strengthens a free man, slavery's compulsory toil sinks a man spiritually. Bondage takes responsibility from a man, and the joy and interest from the task. When Israel was in bondage to Pharaoh they were slaves, who had to toil hard and long. They built that which they did not design; they erected temples to the gods they despised; they made bulwarks for building for the glory of their hated alien king; and their heavy burden was not of their own choosing. Hatred, defiance, envy, privation, injustice, enervated them, as they do all slaves. Alas! yet they were the free-born people of God. But see what a true Moses had to persuade them to value their freedom in the desert more than bondage with the flesh-pots of Egypt.

God undoubtedly found the Israelites under the long bondage of Egypt so depraved, that He had actually taken one of them as a child from their midst and educated it in the court of Pharaoh to let him—Moses—see the divinity of freedom, and the devilishness of slavery. Hence the mysterious way Moses had to walk before he became the deliverer of the Israelites.

Are you a free man, laboring willingly in the cause of righteousness, or are you a slave, toiling with aching heart and smarting conscience in the service of sin? You are either in one or the other of these two classes, and you will find their paths in opposite directions. One labors in the light of heaven upward toward the sun; the other is turned away from that light and toils in the shadow of its own evil.

If you are in bondage, you may be delivered by a greater than Moses.

Jesus, the Lover of Your Soul,

was especially educated by God to serve as YOUR Moses to deliver YOU out of Egypt's bondage into a land where you build your own house, and enjoy the fruits of your own labor. Why not be free?

Doing the Disagreeable.

Naturalists say that, when examined minutely with a microscope, it will be found that no creature or object is positively ugly; that there is a certain harmony or symmetry of parts that renders the whole agreeable, rather than the reverse. So the most disagreeable tasks in life, when viewed in their proper proportions, reveal a poetic, an attractive side, hidden under the glare of the sun, and of good cheer, the determination to see the bright as well as the dark side, and you will find something pleasant, even in the most dreaded task.—Success.

Our Soldiers' Page

Jerse Donics.

Man's Need.

Man needs more than this prosaic and narrow life, with its material comforts, its tolls that harden, its rewards that punish the spirit, its worship of secular success, and unifying blinding of secular failure. He needs the hope of a nobler future, the vision of the city of God. Without this vision, earth, even where most full of material wealth, can be but a galley, find the man a galleys slave, or, with its hard limitations, its rules that cramp most where they most exercise, like a menagerie with its herd of bound animals, shadows of the free born, soured by the well-fed bondage that feeds, though it may not break the spirit. Man, the worker, is changed by the hope of a diviner hereafter into man the immortal; by it man, the artificer, becomes a spirit conscious of a Divine descent and a future. When out of the future the light of the eternal city gleams, it glorifies the meanest moments of the present. The dignity it brings to man affects all he touches, dignifies through him all the commonest everyday mechanical labor. The citizen of heaven feels no work drudgery, for he can never be a drudge; in the hour of the humblest endeavor he stands in the midst of the eternities which God inhabits.—A. M. Fairbairn, D.D.

Daily Food.

SUNDAY.—St. John III. 22-36.

The joyful content with which the Baptist accepts the eclipse of his own ministry by the greater ministry of the Lord Jesus is exceedingly beautiful and instructive. John had not allowed his temporary success to awaken vain expectations, but kept his heart subject to the will and purpose of God; hence he knew no bitterness of disappointment. "He must increase," etc. He humbly and loyally accepted the Divine plan. To those truly one with God, the appointments of Divine wisdom furnish the same satisfaction they give to God Himself. Let us make haste to join Christ, that the waning of any light in life that we have prized may only make us the more profoundly conscious that the glory of the Lord has risen upon us.

MONDAY.—St. John IV. 1-26.

The first verses of our portion today illustrate a great law of the Divine government, thus announced: "With the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful; with an upright man Thou wilt show Thyself upright," etc. (Ps. xviii. 25, 26). Over a large range of experience, the Divine manner towards us is an echo of our own manner. We saw yesterday with what loyal love John carried himself towards Jesus; and we see the largest measure consistent with the claims of His own mission. He retires to Galilee, where His own greater ministry would be less likely to cast a shadow upon the waning glory of the Baptist's mission. What does your conduct say you wish the Divine manner to be towards you?

TUESDAY.—St. John IV. 27-42.

"So the woman left her water-pot, and went away into the city." A very suggestive little touch. Christ had so inspired the woman with confidence in Himself, that she felt, instinctively, her water-pot could be safely left with Him whilst she returned to the city. He Who was caring for her highest welfare would not be unfaithful to her trust on the

lower plan of things. Are any of us who are trusting Christ for His great salvation, restless and uneasy about the water-pot we commit to His care?

WEDNESDAY.—St. John IV. 43-54.

What Jesus covets from us is a faith which reposes upon His character and word, not upon signs and wonders (verse 48). Such faith the nobleman was, in the first instance, not offering to Christ; but He boldly challenges him, and not in vain, for "the man believed the word Jesus spake unto him." Remember this! God upon signs and feelings, but upon Himself, and His sure word, your Saviour wishes all your expectations to be built.

THURSDAY.—St. John v. 1-16.

"A certain man was there which had been thirty and eight years in his infirmity" (verse 5). How often Christ gives a great moment and a great surprise for a weary and almost hopeless sufferer! In verse 16 John opens his story of the overt rejection of Christ by his own (4, 11). Yet what a solemnly appealing but persecution assumes "because He did these things on the Sabbath." The heart of their zeal for the Sabbath was rotten. Let us see to it that we never curse or damage a good thing by a base spirit in our concern for it.

FRIDAY.—St. John v. 17-29.

What words of wonder we read today! The very bitterness of the enmity of the Jews bears witness to the

Divine Sonship of Christ. And then how frank He was with them. If possible, He would dispel their darkness and win their love by the disclosure of the secrets of His sacred fellowship with the Father. He would have cared for such relations with Deity, or could have imagined them. He was no independent adventurer, but was altogether subject to the Father and in partnership with Him. The Father loved Him, and in all things sought His fellowship. To Him the Father had committed power of judgment and of resurrection. All that concerned man and his momentous future had been given into His hands. If the Father thus honors the Son, what honor we owe Him too!

SATURDAY.—St. John v. 30-47.

Christ continues the wonderful disclosure of the secrets of His life and mission. Again He emphasizes His complete surrender to the will and work of the Father. John had borne witness to Him, but He had a greater witness in the works the Father had given Him to accomplish. There was nothing done or said in the attestation of His Divine character and mission; the mischief was in themselves. They either loved God, nor had His word abiding in them, they neither had sought true affinity with the Divine. The eternal life which was in Him they turned from, preferring the glory and parade of the creature. So terrible are the consequences of refusing to submit all the thoughts of our hearts to God and His word.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

ABOUT CHILDREN: THE TRAINING REQUIRED.

BY THE GENERAL.

NO LONG FIGHTS.

6. IN INFLECTING PUNISHMENT AVOID, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, ANYTHING LIKE PROTRACTED CONFLICTS WITH YOUR CHILDREN. From some strange motive, or from no intelligible motive at all, there will occasionally be a blank refusal on the part of a child to obey some distinct command. Now at such times the course ordinarily adopted by parents will be to compel obedience at all costs, and it is no uncommon experience for there to be a regular battle between the parties.

The parent says, "My boy refuses to pronounce a word in his lessons, or to close a door, or to do something else that I have commanded him. The act itself is a trivial matter, but the obedience is of lasting importance. I must compel that obedience at all hazards."

The boy, in some strange and infuriated spirit, obstinately refuses. Punishment follows; the boy still refuses; then comes alternate pleadings, scoldings, weepings, and prayers—all of which the boy meets with the same dogged refusal, and so the conflict will be carried on for hours, to the heart-breaking distress of the parents and the unspeakable wretchedness of the child. At length the boy surrenders, and the parent feels a measure of satisfaction in having secured the obedience which he feels to be of life-long advantage to the child.

TRY BED BEFORE CANE.

Now, there can be no question about the importance of securing the repentance and submission of the boy. But is the pain which I have described the best? I submit that it is not. I would advise that instead of entering

on this discussion, the child be sent to bed on the first act of disobedience, prayed with, the character of his disobedience being explained to him, and so left to his own reflections. The probability is that the following morning he will volunteer a confession of his fault, and promise that it shall never occur again. If he does not follow this course, then, as with other evil-doings, he must be placed under all bounds of your pleasure until he does.

7. YOU MUST MAKE RELIGION AN AFFAIR OF YOUR EVERY-DAY LIFE. The children must feel that you are as religious at home as in the barracks; on Mondays as on Sundays; in your work as on your knees; indeed, it should be the atmosphere of the house, so that in it they can live and breathe, move and have their being.

GET THEM CONVERTED.

8. AIM AT A DISTINCT EXPERIENCE OF CONVERSION IN YOUR CHILDREN. There is a line that divides the righteous from the wicked. This is a moment when human beings, adults or children, cease to be the servants of the devil, and become the children of God. That line and that moment may be approached so gradually as to be crossed almost imperceptibly. The experience of the moment is differing so considerably from that which has gone before it as to make any marked impression on the soul. But with God's own servants and children the line is crossed, and the moment is experienced when their hearts are regenerated and their characters changed; when they pass from darkness to light, from death to life, from being under the power of Satan to being under the power, protection, and blessing of

God. In other words, they are saved.

Now, you must aim at that distinct experience for your children. You must explain to them its nature and necessity. You must pray for it separately and together. You must lead them to expect it at the meetings or alone; and you will have the high privilege of knowing that it has taken place, and of hearing them testify to the fact.

MAKE THEM STRONG.

9. YOU MUST DO ALL THAT IN YOU LIES TO PROMOTE THEIR BODILY HEALTH. Whether they shall be feeble, nervous creatures, or strong and vigorous as men and women, depends very much on your treatment of them in childhood.

What a mercy it is for Salvation fathers and mothers that the plainest and cheapest foods, and the simplest clothes, should be the best! That fresh air, and exercise, and sleep, should cost nothing! That soap and water should be within the reach of all, or nearly all; and that all these things, taken together, should be calculated to make strong and healthy bodies!

LET THEIR EDUCATION BE SIMPLE.

10. YOU MUST DO ALL YOU CAN FOR THE MINDS OF YOUR CHILDREN. You want to make them wise and thoughtful. They will be men and women soon. You won't want to be the parents of fools and failures, but of wise men and women. Act accordingly. However poor and humble you may be, simple education is within your reach. See that your children get it.

Interest yourself in what your children learn. Find out whether they are doing their best. Stimulate and encourage, and, if you can, assist them.

11. DO WHAT YOU CAN TO MAKE YOUR CHILDREN TRUTHFUL, HONEST, HONORABLE, AND GENEROUS.

12. STRIVE TO MAKE YOUR CHILDREN INDUSTRIOUS. I have already said encourage them to work at their lessons. Give them some work apart from their books that they can perceive is of some value.

13. MAKE YOUR CHILDREN JUNIORS. Encourage them to look forward to being Corps-Cadets. Regularly see the Junior Sergeant, and enquire as to their conduct at the Company meetings, and as to the progress they are making.

14. RELY ON THE HOLY SPIRIT TO BLESS ALL YOUR EFFORTS. He will rejoice to help you, for is not the purpose of salvation alike to you and your children?

FATHERS, TAKE NOTE!

15. BOTH PARENTS MUST UNITE IN THESE DUTIES. They will not both do the same thing, but father must do his share, and mother must do hers, and one must strengthen the other. It is not uncommon, I am afraid, for many fathers to leave the weight of the obligation, especially in childhood, on the mother. This is not right.

16. YOU MUST PERSEVERE. Perhaps no task undertaken by the people of God calls for more patience and endurance than that of making children into saints and soldiers of Jesus Christ; and perhaps no reward can compare, in satisfaction and pleasure, with that which comes to the mothers and fathers who succeed.

(To be continued.)

It won't do any good to pray for the South Sea Islander so long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.

WAR CRY MEETING.

THE LOST SHEEP.

(COMPILED BY E. W.)

(This page is arranged to take the place of a Service of Song. The officer in charge could announce a special War Cry meeting when, say, 5 cts. admission is charged, and a War Cry given to each one who attends the meeting. The officers could appoint the various readings, solos, recitations, etc., to suitable soldiers, Juniors, or Auxiliaries, and close with the reading of Mrs. Booth's appeal to sinners. If this page proves useful, we will repeat it from time to time, with suitable subjects.—Ed.)



OPENING SONG.—No. 27. "Return, oh, wanderer, return."

PRAYER.

SOLO.

Tune.—In tenderness He sought me.
In tenderness He sought me.
Weary and sick with sin.
And on His shoulders brought me.
Back to His fold again.
While angels in His presence sang.
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Chorus.

Oh, the love that sought me.
Oh, the blood that bought me,
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold.
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold.

He washed the bleeding sin-wounds.
And poured in oil and wine.
He whispered to assure me.
"I've found thee; thou art Mine."
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice.

He pointed to the nail-prints.
For me His blood was shed;
A mocking crown, so thorny.
Was placed upon His head;
I wondered what He saw in me
To suffer such a agony.

I'm sitting in His presence.
The sunshine of His face.
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I receive.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short for His praise.

So while the hours are passing.
All now is perfect rest.
I'm waiting for the morning.
The brightest of the best.
When He will call us to His side.
To be with Him His spotless bride.

BIBLE READING.

Luke xv. 1-10.

RECITATION.

Dat Little Black Sheep.

Let me tell you about one little black sheep.
As 'ot los' in de wedder an' rain.
An' de Shepherd call out to Him
sheepfold boy.
"Go an' bring home dat sheep agen!"
But de boy didn't like it, an' ses,
"Sheepfold please."
Dat sheep is too black an' bad!"
Den de Shepherd look vex, as ef dat
black sheep.
Was de only one Him did have.

So de Shepherd ses, ses He, "You mus'
go.
As de wedder is wet an' cold,
An' dat little black sheep is punished,
for true.
So far away from de fold!"
But de sheepfold boy, as him turn to
go.
Ses, "Dat sheep is measure nu' small;
You tink too much of dat little black
sheep.
An' love his mer' dan dem all!"

Den de Shepherd ses, ses He, "Hurry
up
An' bring dat sheep to de fold;
You bin shear him so close las' shear-
in day.
Is afraid him will tek in cold."
But de sheep-boy vex, and speak down
him treat.

"Dat sheep is a worthless drone!"
Den de Shepherd ses, "I want dat
sheep
'Longside o' Me round de Trough."

Den de sheep-boy ses, "O Shepherd,
please.
We's counted misery an' mine."
But de Shepherd ses, "You old fox-
mouth.

I want dat black sheep o' Mine!"
An' He ses him out loud to look.
But Him visit a frow instead."

An', after supper, he sed, "I'd be glad
Ef dat little black sheep was ded!"

So at las' de Shepherd went out Him-
self.
Tru de dark an' de cold rain, too;
An' Him find de black sheep well
stuck in de mud;

Ses He, "I was lookin' for you!"
An' Him lift him up, an' bring him
back.

Right into de fold did He;
Don't say I dunno how de little sheep
fed.

"Cause dat little black sheep was
me!"

SONG.

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ Who died for me;
How He left His home in glory
For the cross on Calvary.

Chorus.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ Who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost, but Jesus found me.
Found the sheep that went astray.
Threw His loving arms around me.
Drew me back into His way.

I was bruised, but Jesus healed me.
Faint was I from many a fall.
Sight was gone and fears possessed
me.

But He freed me from them all.
Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread;
But the Saviour still is with me.
By His hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bow me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

READING.

A Great Man's Opinion.

"The incarnation of the Son of God
was a girding of Himself to go after
His lost sheep. His whole life upon
earth. His entire walk in the flesh,
was a following of the strayed one:
for this was the very purpose of His
coming, namely, to seek and to save
that which was lost." And He sought
His own 'till He found 'em. He was

not weary with the greatness of the
way: He shrank not when the thorns
wounded His flesh, and tore His feet.
He followed us into the deep of our
misery; for He had gone forth to
seek His own till He had found it,
and would not pause till then. And
having found, how tenderly does He
handle that sheep which has cost Him
all this labor and fatigue: He does
not punish it; He does not smile, nor
even harshly rebuke it back to the fold:
may He does not deliver it to a ser-
vant, but He lays it upon His own
shoulders, and Himself carries it, till
He brings it to the fold: and then
there is joy in the presence of the
angels of God."

CHORUS.

"Joy, joy, joy, there is joy in the
presence of the angels:
Joy, joy, joy, o'er the prodigal's re-
turn."

READING.

Irish Nora.

Many instances might be given
where those who seemed hopelessly
lost have been sought after by the
tender Shepherd, and brought into
the fold. The following are a few
true cases:

"Nora" was an Irish girl, and a
Roman Catholic. Her father, a black-
smith, was always so drunk that
but for an uncle's kindness, Nora
and her mother would have had no
home to cover their heads. As it was
this Irish lassie to go out to earn
her own living when fourteen, and
was for many years in Cork, a respect-
able servant girl. She came to Eng-
land, and that was the beginning of
her downfall. A married sister per-
suaded her to come over, tem-
pted by the thought
of the high wages and the chance of
seeing everybody under their fortune.

So far she came, and was soon in
service as a housemaid. Then she
found out how terribly her sister
drank. When the monthly holiday
came round Harriet was always wait-
ing for her to get home, and she
visited was invariably a saloon.

Little by little Nora learned to love
the cup that at last "bites like a ser-
pent," and, losing place after place,
she was at last reduced to despair
and shame, and with Irish impulsiv-
ness, determined to end her misery in
the river. Creeping along in the
shadows, on her way to Regent's
Park Canal to fling herself in, and, as
she thought, and it really she heard sing-
ing, and saw a crowd.

The Great Western corps was hav-
ing its open-air meeting in the Park.
How little they thought who had been
attracted by their earnestness, and
that a would-be suicide was listening
to their words!

Presently a young woman stepped
into the ring, saying, "If you die in
your sins you will go to hell!" and
began pleading with the sinners to
turn to Jesus.

Feeling as if the hell spoken about
were opening beneath her feet, and
realizing that "after death comes the
judgment," she rushed up to the offi-
cer, crying out, "Oh, save me! I'm
wicked!" and kneeling in the ring
amidst the praying and rejoicing sol-
diers, Nora determined by the help
of God, to give up her terrible drink-
ing habits.

That was over six years ago, and
she stands to-day a monument of
God's saving power. On one occasion
a Bible was presented to her, and on
being asked if there was any text
that had helped her more than an-
other, which she would like written
under her name, she replied quickly,
"Oh, yes; write Psalm 116: 8, 9:
For Thou hast delivered my soul
from death, and mine eyes from tears,
and my feet from falling. I will walk be-
fore the Lord in the land of the liv-
ing."

SONG.

Tune—"He pardoned a rebel." B.B.
72; S.M., II. 13.

I heard of a Saviour Whose love was
so great,
That He laid down His life on a
tree;

The thorns they were pierced in His
beautiful brow.
To pardon a rebel like me.

Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me, like
me (repeat).
The thorns they were pierced in His
beautiful brow.
To pardon a rebel like me.

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my
hard heart,
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee;
And I know when I came He did not
cast me out,
But He pardoned a rebel like me.

Oh, 'tis true, for poor sinners of all
kinds: He saves,
And you He will not cast away;
He waits in His mercy sweet peace
to bestow.
So come to the fountain to-day.

READING.

A Klondike Story.

"Is this the Salvation Army? Will
you take care of me? I have nowhere
to go. I don't know what to do."
These were the words of a man who
rushed off the street into a Salvation
Army meeting at the Klondike one
Sunday afternoon this winter. His
face was the picture of agony. It
could be clearly seen that he was on
the border of delirium tremens. The
seriousness of the case can be un-
derstood when we say that the thermom-
eter was registering between forty
and fifty degrees below zero. The
man's money was gone—a desperate
natter—in this region had no
friends, and was very scantily clad.
Still worse, he was all but paralyzed
with liquor!

At the conclusion of the meeting he
was accompanied by one of the offi-
cers to the Army Shelter, where his
grimy person was washed, and, after
a cup of strong coffee, he was put to
bed. He slept soundly until about
eleven next morning, but, while the
other's eye was for a few
moments he disappeared! The rest
can be imagined. No trace of him
could they get, until the end of the
second day, when he stepped into the
street. His case appeared grave
enough the day he first made himself
known—now he was much worse. His
face was cut up in the most frightful
manner, and both eyes were black-
ened. It is hardly possible for anyone
to picture a worse condition of hu-
manity than this poor fellow present-
ed.

He was suitably dealt with for his
previous doings, and he promised, if
but given a chance again, that he
would reform his life. He was again
made decent and put to bed. He was
so incensed as not to be able to stir
out of doors for a couple of days.
When his face healed sufficiently to
make it safe for him to be in the
front he eagerly seized a saw which
was offered him, and worked as hard
as his physical condition would allow.
He was kept at work some time in
the wood-yard, and one night, to the
joy of all, the wanderer came back
to the fold, and got truly saved, as
was afterwards proved by his consist-
ent life."

SONG.

Tune.—Just tell them that you saw
me.

'Twas in an Army barracks in a dis-
tant Western town.
The meeting there one night had
just begun.

When in came a poor drunkard who
by sin had been brought down.
Thinking, perhaps, that he might
have some fun.

But as he heard of Jesus' love and
pardon free for all,
He sought it, and the wanderer
ceased to roam.

And going to his room that night, his
heart all filled with joy.
He sent a message to the folks at
home.

Chorus.

Just tell my dear old mother that my
wandering days are o'er.
Tell her that my sins are all for-
given.

Tell her that if we should chance on
earth to meet no more.
Her prayers are answered, and we'll
meet in heaven.

His mother got the letter as she lay
at death's dark door.
That told her of her boy so far
away;

How his sins they were forgiven,
and his wandering days were o'er,
And that his feet were on the narrow way;
Her heart was filled with gladness as
it had not been for years.
Her dear old face was all lit up
with joy,
And on her dying pillow she said amid
her tears,
God bless and keep my precious,
darling boy.

Your mother prayed for you, friend,
for many and many a day,
Perhaps her days on earth will soon
be o'er:
Come, give your heart to Jesus and
get on the narrow way,
And meet her on the bright and
golden shore.
Oh, come just now and cheer her
heart while yet in life she lives.
The Saviour pleads, oh, do not longer
or roam:
And then with Jesus in your heart
you'll send a letter off
To your mother praying still for you
at home.

RECREATION. The Lost Sheep.

Out in the darkness, the rain, and the
cold,
Wandered a woman, dejected and old,
Sin's fearful penalty marring her face,
God's precious handwork robbed of its
grace.

Wearily plodding along the dark
street,
Struggling to warm the slow blood in
her feet:
Cursing and walling, "I wish I were
dead!"
While the cruel wind tossed the wet
hair on her head.

Hush! In the dark, by the wind borne
along,
Flents the sweet work of an old-
fashioned song:
"But none of the raiment ever knew
How dark was the night the Lord
passed through."

She has forgotten the cold and the
rain,
She only hears, in her sorrow and
pain—
"Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

Hungry and frozen she falls in the
street,
While the tears flow down her stu-
bent cheek;
Faintly she whispers, "Christ, it is I.
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

"Long have I traveled the broad way
of sin;
I am not worthy Thy favor to win,
But I'm the lost one, God hear my
cry.
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

Down to the earth fell her weary old
head,
And in the morning they found her
there—dead—
But the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!"

SONG.

The Ninety and Nine.

There were ninety and nine that safe-
ly lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away.
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains, wild and
bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.
"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety
and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This
of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and
steep,
I go to the mountains to find My
sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters He
crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was
lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops
all the way,
That mark out the mountain's
track?"
"They were shed for one who had
gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him
back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
and torn?"
"They were pierced to-night by many
a thorn."

But all through the mountainous thun-
der-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of hea-
ven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!"

READING.

Cloverton's Story.

If ever a fellow was born with a
silver spoon in his mouth, it was
Cloverton. Evidently, also, that was
his curse.

His father was a wealthy city gen-
tleman, and the boy was brought up
as befitting his station in life. At six-
teen the services of his private tutor
were dispensed with, and he was sent
to college to complete his education.

Visits to the nation with a
cheque for £50 from "the Dad," were
hardly likely to improve his morals
or assist in preparing him for the
steady grind of a mercantile or profes-
sional life.

Completing his college course, Clover-
ton hung about town, quite unable
to decide what business or profession
to enter. At this juncture his father
died and left him a considerable for-
tune.

Then he went the pace. Devotee
of the turf, he was flayed by "book-
ies." A gambler, he was cheated by
his so-called friends. At every turn
the wolves fell upon him, and left but
the bones of his fortune.

The absence of parental restraint,
and a do-nothing life, had completely
undermined his character, and left
him without moral strength, an easy
prey to wicked men and designing
women.

One fine morning Cloverton discov-
ered, much to his bewilderment, that
he had been living beyond his means,
and that his capital was rapidly
melting away. He couldn't under-
stand it. He had an idea that his
money ought to have multiplied itself,
like the miraculous loaves and fishes,
and he was rather hurt when it was
not so.

Procuring a situation in order to
supplement his now slender income,
he entered upon the life of a city
clerk.

Imagine, if you can, a gilded, ex-
quisite manager of a city house, and
prospective junior partner, living a
gay life, maintaining a horse, trap,
and liveried servant on the princely
sum of £2 10s. a week!

It was, of course, supposed by the
heads of the firm that Cloverton had
means. In point of fact, however,
apart from his salary, he was entirely
dependent upon his relatives. His
fortune had faded away.

Hand over heels in debt, and dunned
by his creditors from day to day,
Cloverton at last yielded to tempta-
tion, and to the suggestions of two
companions in the same house, such
scrupulousness himself. Quietly
his conscience by the thought that
he was only borrowing, and would as-
suredly repay, he committed his first
theft, and sharing the spoils with his
"chums," he felt that he looked so
cleverly that he was not discovered.

Once started down hill, Cloverton
had no difficulty in continuing his de-
cent. Growing bolder with each suc-
cess, he helped himself to his em-
ployers' cash as his own needs be-
came more pressing, covering each guilty
act by a false entry.

Cloverton's defalcations were spread
over several years, and during this
time he was not without serious mis-
givings. He felt that eventually his
sin would find him out, and he be-
came nervous and agitated. Finally,
he could stand the strain no longer,
and determined to throw up his si-
tuation.

Notwithstanding the fact that he
had been robbing his employers right
and left, he passed out of the count-

ing-house with a splendid reference in
his pocket, and a promise that, should
he be dissatisfied with the position to
which he was going, he could return
at any time.

It was not, however, such an easy
matter for Cloverton to wash his
hands of this filthy business. His
crimes had not stopped at filching the
funds of the firm by whom he was
employed. He became intimate with
a woman who represented herself to
be the daughter of a clergyman, and
secured her a position in the same
house as himself.

In a burst of confidence he told her
how hopelessly he was compromised,
and then put himself completely into
her hands. She was not slow to take
advantage of this knowledge, and
blackmailed him to the fullest possi-
ble extent.

Cloverton made another struggle for
liberty, and attempted to get out of
the woman's wiles by deserting her.
He was too late, she had already be-
trayed him.

Holidaying in the West of England,
Cloverton was scarcely surprised, on
returning from a visit to "The Mumb-
les," to find a gentleman from Lon-
don waiting at the station, a gentle-
man who introduced himself with the
significant remark: "I am glad to
see you." Cloverton was not quite
prepared to return the courteous salu-
tation.

The curtain ran down at a some-
what celebrated court in the city, the
case coming before Sir P.—E.—
Cloverton pleaded guilty, his counsel
begged for leniency on the ground of
his client's first offence, to which, also,
was added the entreaties of the senior
member of the firm which had been
victimized. With the words, "I will
be merciful," on his lips, Sir P.—
sentenced the prisoner to seven years' pen-
al servitude, and Cloverton was led
away to atone for his misdeeds.

Of his prison life we cannot here
speak, but picture for yourself the
plight of a man brought up as Clover-
ton had been, when sent to work the
plank and perform other menial and
manual labor.

Released "on leave," he procured a
situation by strategy. Discovered by
a fellow-prisoner, also on leave, and
fearing a disclosure, he got the man
employed. Several articles mysteri-
ously disappeared from his boarding-
house, however, Cloverton, on his
guard, determined to let his unvel-
come companion and shadow follow
over his own evil ways. He there-
fore, turned his steps in the direction
of the Salvation Army Prison Gate.
Home, became soundly converted, and
now fills an honorable and useful
position.

SONG.

Your Mother Still Prays for You, Jack.

The night was dark and stormy.
And the wind was howling wild,
As an angel mother gazed upon
The portrait of her child.
She gazed on the baby-features
That had once filled her heart with
joy.
He was now o'er the wide world roam-
ing.
That mother's long-lost boy.

CHORUS.

Your mother still prays for you, Jack,
Your mother still prays for you
In the home far away o'er the ocean.
Your mother still prays for you.

Far away from home and mother,
Far away in a foreign land,
Some comrade said, "Come along,
Jack,
Let's go, there's the Army band."
True in a rough old barn, it was,
Where the meeting had just begun,
But something stirred the wild Jack's
heart

As sweetly the soldiers sang:
His stony heart was broken,
He thought of his mother dear:
In spite of his comrade laughing
He could not keep back a tear.

In spite of fierce temptation
These words in his ears still rang.
He started for heaven that evening.
As sweetly the soldiers sang:

At last there came a letter,
It was deeply edged in black,
From a comrade long forgotten.

Who still remembered Jack.
"They had laid your poor old mother
In the grave, dark and cold,
But she wants the lad that's roaming
To meet her on the streets of gold."

Second Chorus.

Your mother's last prayer was for
you, Jack,
Your mother's last prayer was for
you;
She wants the lad that's roaming,
To meet her on the streets of gold.

READING.

Almost Saved.

"You are almost saved, you are
awakened, you are aroused, you have
had many good desires; but a man
who is only almost saved
may be altogether damned.
There was a householder who
almost hotted his door at night,
but the thief came in, a prisoner
was condemned and almost pardoned,
but he hanged on the gallows; a ship
was almost saved from wreck, but
she went to the bottom with all hands
on board; a fire was almost ex-
tinguished, but it consumed a city,
and a man almost decided to be
saved, remains to perish."

Two young girls were sitting in a
salvation Army meeting in a N.—B.—
As the service went on they were con-
vinced of sin, and in the prayer meet-
ing were urged to give themselves to
God. One replied, "No, I cannot go
to-night. There is a ball over at C.—
on Wednesday night and I want to
go to that; but next Sunday I will
come and give myself to God." She
left the meeting unsaved. Wednes-
day night came. She went across the
ferry to the ball, and enjoyed the music
and whir of the dance. Four o'clock
came, the dance ended, and the party
started for home. The ferry had
stopped running at eleven o'clock, so
they proceeded to row across the
water. All went well until they were
nearing home, when, by some means,
the boat capsized, and the occupants,
eight in number, were thrown into
the water. Then came the struggle
for life. This young girl went down
once, came up, went down twice, came
up again, and as she was going down
the third and last time, she threw up
her arms, and, with a loud shriek,
cried out, "My God, I'm lost."

SONG.

True.—After the Ball.

A child is kneeling by his mother's
feet,
Softly repeating sweet words of pray-
er;
"Dear, loving Jesus, gentle and mild,
Look down and bless me, Thy little
child."
Long kneels the mother praying that
night:
"God bless my treasure, guide him
aright!"
List to his story, weep o'er his fall—
Through his own folly, lost after all.

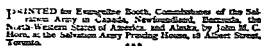
CHORUS.

After the days of childhood, after a
mother's prayers
After the years of manhood freighted
with joys and cares,
After a thousand chances, after the
final call—
Bitter the wall of a spirit lost after
all!

Changed is the picture, years have
quickly flown,
Sadly the mother waits all alone;
Waits for her darling—where does he
roam?
Has he forgotten mother and home?
Hark! there's a footstep—surely 'tis
he!
Ah! heaven help her!—what does she
see?
Inside he staggers, one groan, a fall!
Wrecked by the winecup—lost after
all!

Further and further from his mother's
God
Wanders he on in sin's road so broad,
Till by the window one stormy night
He finds her waiting, lifeless and
cold.
Vainly the Spirit strives for his soul,
Spurning his God he turns to the
bowl;
Angels in heaven weep o'er his fall,
Still unrepentant, lost after all!

Read the appeal of Mrs. Booth to
the unsaved, on page 2, and go into
the prayer meeting immediately
by singing, "Depth of mercy can there
be."



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Miss Booth's Illness.

With deep regret the Commissioner was under compulsion to cancel her Toronto and Montreal engagements, and is much agitated over the widespread disappointment caused by it. But there cannot possibly be any blame laid to her lot, since an acute attack of bronchitis forced her to leave her bed for a week now. A cold, caught at London, might possibly have been cured had not the Brantford meetings and a severe spell of sharp weather deepened and developed the cold into severe bronchitis. No one regrets this unexpected illness, and it is a subsequent cancelling of previous announcements more than a Com-misfort, but no sane person will find fault with the inevitable. We are pleased to announce the steady improvement of our esteemed leader, although it has not been as rapid as we expected last week.

ILLNESS OF COLONEL LAWLEY.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

Colonel Lawley, whose continued absence from the battle's front is a matter of concern to his comrades, is seriously ill. It was hoped and believed that the cause of his illness—acute inflammatory rheumatism—would, by this time, have been sufficiently removed to permit his leaving his bed. But he is still suffering, and very weak.

Some weeks ago, he went to Brighton, hoping the air there would help to speedily restore him. Mrs. Lawley is his constant nurse, and is wonderfully sustained, and the friends with whom he is staying are doing all in their power for our dear comrade. We ask for the believing prayers of the Colonel's comrades in all lands, for his complete recovery.

On Saturday night, as he alighted on the New Cross platform, for his Sunday at the "Empire," the following characteristic telegram was handed the General. "Improvement continues. Severe agony left arm. Desire nothing better than be by your side quickly. I am believing in Jehovah's everlasting love.—Lawley."

May the dear Lord strengthen the Colonel's heart with a living and conquering faith, and may his voice soon be heard again, crying, "Now for the 11st."

Montreal Special.

HAD CONQUERING DAY AT MONTREAL. I. YESTERDAY (SUNDAY), ASSISTED BY MRS. PUGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. BURDITT. GOD FELL UPON US IN POWER. EIGHT SEEKERS AT THE MERCY SEAT. BAND PLAYED DEAD MARCH IN HONOR OF OUR BELOVED DEPARTED QUEEN. ENSIGN AND MRS. WILLIAMS IN GOOD SPIRITS AND SOLDIERS FOUGHT WELL.—Brigadier Pugmire.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Territorial Newslets.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read has had a slight attack of pneumonia, necessitating her absence from the front during the last two weeks. We assure Mrs. Read of our sympathy and prayers.

Staff-Capt. Archibald reports a number of conversions in the Central Prison, through personal dealing with the men in their cells.

Comrade Allen is to be congratulated on the excellent success he has rendered as usher during the Chief Secretary's late campaign at the Temple.

Adj. and Mrs. Patterson spent a few days at the Territorial Centre, en route to their new appointment. They attended and took part in the White Crusade Campaign.

Our numbers are swelling at Skagway. Ensign Gooding recently enrolled five recruits. The weather is exceptionally cold at present in Skagway.

A special memorial service will be conducted at the Temple, by the Chief Secretary, on the day of the interment of our late Sovereign, Queen Victoria, Feb. 2nd.

Capt. Downey is being appointed to a command in Toronto. Yorkville

should rise under the Captain's leadership.

A baby-girl has arrived to gladden the hearts of our late Canadian comrades, Capt. and Mrs. Beareholl.

Brigadier Puguire has had the grippe.

The French work is seeing more soul-saving results than for a long time.

Point St. Charles has been crippled by a poor barracks. A new building is being opened on the 30th, adequate to its needs.

One of the latest applications for the work is from a Methodist minister.

Black Sacks have "caught on." Donations and box collections are coming in well. One of the most pathetic donations came from an aged man on his death-bed.

A large number of "Local Officers" have been sent from England for canvassing purposes. Our Locals will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity to make acquaintance with their own periodical.

The first announcement of the Siege has been enthusiastically received by the Provinces.

HAMILTON'S SPECIALS.

Major Turner and Staff Capt. Creighton were with us for the week-end. We had the Life-Boat service on Saturday night, which proved of much interest.

Sunday was started with some real, earnest praying at knee-drill for the salvation of souls, and great was the rejoicing when we saw poor sinners kneeling at the feet of Jesus seeking pardon.

The council, on Monday afternoon, led by the Major, was a time of blessing, when God met with us. Adj. Goo. Iwin is farewelling. May God's richest blessing go with her.

BRIGADIER STREBTON ILL.

Brigadier Streeton has had another serious breakdown in health. The Brigadier arrived in San Francisco to take up his new work in connection with our Insurance Branch there, but was only able to remain in the city a few days, the climate bringing on his old trouble in a serious form. The Brigadier is now resting at Los Angeles.

Labor is life : from the inmost heart
of the work rises his God-given force
—the sacred celestial life-essence
breathed into him by Almighty God.
—Carlyle.



GREAT BRITAIN.

The General has just conducted a triumphant campaign at New Cross—a suburb of London. Crowded houses were the order of the day, and 82 souls sought Christ.

The subject uppermost in the General's heart at present is the Field Officers' Councils. These Councils will be held at the following centres: Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow, and London.

The Social Gazette Shm Fund is creeping toward £200. Help is urgently needed.

The Chief of the Staff sprained his wrist while trying to prevent a woman falling on the pavement of the city. The accident stopped his own correspondence for a day; it then turned to his left hand, resulting in a very creditable production.

The General recently visited the Portland Convict Prison, conducting a touching and memorable meeting with 450 convicts. At the close of the General's address the chaplain warmly eulogized the good work accomplished by the Salvation Army.

Soup kitchens have been started by several of our London corps during the cold weather.

Mrs. Booth addressed large gatherings in the Broadmead Chapel and the Bristol Citadel in the interests of the Rescue work. Mrs. Booth was received most cordially by the pastor and church officials. Twenty-two souls sought mercy at night in the Citadel.

UNITED STATES.

The Consul, accompanied by Colonel Higgins, has just conducted a great campaign in the chief cities of Ohio. Social gatherings, soldiers' councils, and salvation demonstrations constituted the plan of campaign. Forty souls sought pardon and purity at Cincinnati.

Brigadier Chandler's farewell services at New York 1. were well attended, and resulted in twenty-one souls.

We regret to hear that Brigadier Clifford is so seriously ill as to prevent him from leaving Philadelphia to take up his new appointment in New York City.

While Queen Victoria was still lingering on the borderline, and the nation was awaiting the final verdict in anxious suspense, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker despatched the following message of sympathy and comfort to the royal mourners at the bedside at Osborne:

"His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales:

"On behalf of the American Salvationists we assure your Royal Highness and members of the Royal Family of our profoundest sympathy and prayers."

The Commandeer immediately received the following reply:

"Commander Booth-Tucker, New York:

"The Prince of Wales thanks the American Salvationists for telegram of sympathy."

INDIA.

Our comrades in India have just conducted their Self-Denial Campaign—truly an object-lesson for those who are more favored.

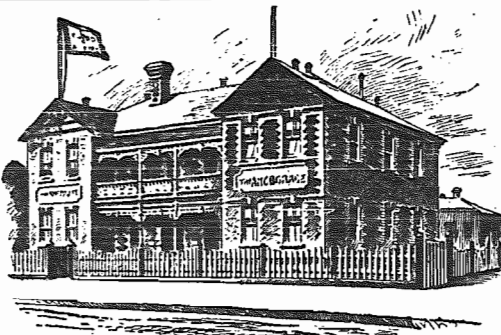
Famine conditions still continue in some parts of India, making it necessary for the Government to continue their relief works.

The latest advance in the Punjab Territory is the opening of a Boarding School for the children of our officers.

Much cholera and fever abound in Central India and the Punjab. Several officers have succumbed to it.

AUSTRALASIA.

The funeral of the late Major Innter was conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and was most impressive.



The New Australian Prison Gate Home in Victoria.

sive. The procession was an imposing spectacle.

The Indian boys now touring New Zealand are creating much sympathy for the Indians starving. Substantial help is being received for the famine fund.

HOLLAND.

Colonel Cosandey, the Chief Secretary for Holland, states in a recent letter that the closing days of the nineteenth century, and the opening of the twentieth, were fixed for the Week of Reconciliation for Holland and Belgium, and although it was impossible to calculate the results of the effort as a whole, glorious tidings had reached them from several corps in or near Amsterdam of backsliders having been restored, and of others seeking the blessing of holiness, amongst whom several definitely consecrated themselves to the war.

The Amsterdam 1. corps, which is worked by the Men's Training Home, reports during the last several days six or seven souls for pardon and sanctification. Thirty-four souls have come out in Dordrecht during the same period, a real revival having commenced in this provincial town.

A special point of the Watch-night service was made throughout the Territory. Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Marchable leading the service at Rotterdam; a big crowd assembled, and a powerful meeting was

held. Mrs. Colonel Cosandey and the Colonel led the Watch-night in the "Vrede," Amsterdam, which was filled, and twenty-four souls came forward. The spirit of Blood-and-Fire daring, and of soul-saving, is felt in a greater measure than ever before in our ranks.

WEST INDIES.

The Territorial commander has issued a call to arms for 1901, and if the program outline is realized, our work in the West Indies will make a brilliant showing at the close of the year.

Over fifty souls came forward in a series of special meetings conducted by Staff-Capt. Tucker in Barbadoes at Christmas.

The "Jamaican Times," a staunch supporter of the Army's work, has recently published several well-written and appreciative reviews of our operations, social and spiritual, in different parts of the world.

Brigadier Gale, the T. C., has just concluded a tour in Jamaica, the results of which are most gratifying.

Proposals are on foot for the extension of the Army's trading operations in the West Indies.

Capt. Ashman, writing from Johannesburg, reports several new captures among the military, who are being made into Leaguers. The Captain also speaks casually of the very high prices prevailing. Says he, "I have just managed to get two eggs, a bit of bread, and a cup of tea for dinner—price 4s. 6d."

In spite of most overwhelming difficulties, owing to the ravages of the war, Commissioner Kilbey and his brave officers continue not only to keep the existing Salvation agencies going, but to launch out in new directions. Adjacent to the Amsterdam Batteries in Cape Town is a plot of Government ground which has been leased to the Salvation Army, and transformed into a labor yard, with work-shops, wood-sheds, stables, and offices. It is an "elevator" in the truest sense of the word, and has already become a veritable hive of industry for the class of men which, unhappily, is so largely represented in the metropolis of South Africa. In the wood-shop, where Wood-chop plugs and paper-storing, therefore, have a large portion of the elevator set apart for them, while mattress-making and carpentering sections are introduced for those who have the desire to gain a knowledge of those trades. Staff-Capt. King, the Superintendent, has purchased a large quantity of timber from the municipality, and several sheds are already packed with stacks of chopped wood, ready to deliver to business folk and householders. "The Cape Argus," in dealing with the new yard in its leading article, urges the public to lend their support, and adds, "Later on the Labor Yard may prove the solution of one of the most difficult problems in connection with the relief of the poor, not only in Cape Town, but throughout South Africa, and the experiment deserves success."

Ensign Sout, who is working among the Zulus in South Africa, writes to say that a chapter of accidents has lately occurred to him and his soldiers. They have been visited by swarms of locusts, and although they fought these pests by every means in their power for four days, the locusts, by reason of their numbers, defied all opposition, and swept everything before them. This means that the labor of men, the seed for which he had to scrape and sew, and the cash spent on the fencing, has all been wasted in the useless attempt to raise a crop. In addition to this disease broke out amongst his poultry, and many of his best birds died, whilst the final calamity came in the bursting of the tank and the loss of their four hundred gallons of water—a serious item in such a climate.

JAPAN.

Our Japanese comrades have had a very satisfactory finish to their soul-saving and soldier-making campaign. A special meeting was conducted by Colonel Holland in a large Tokyo church, into which an audience of eight hundred crowded. Twenty soldiers were enrolled, and the meeting closed with thirty penitents—eighteen for salvation, and twelve for consecration.

Mrs. Ensign Robson (formerly Adj. Helen Clarke), of Japan, has had a very narrow escape from drowning. She had gone to Moli for the purpose of collecting for the District Funds, and in going out to a ship her small boat was capsized by a steam launch. Mrs. Robson was some time under water; but, fortunately, on coming up she was caught by the boatman, who held her in one arm and managed to grasp the gangway of the ship with the other hand. She was quickly rescued and taken on board, where the officers were very kind to her.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey is particularly busy with Women's Social affairs in Cape Town, and has reluctantly to turn away many a deserving case that might have been assisted had we the accommodation. There is evidently as much need for a Women's Metropole as a Man's just now, judging from the many calls that are made upon her to aid destitute women.

The Test of Sincerity.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than one single lovely action; and that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility of generous emotions are accidents of life, permanent goodness is an achievement and a quality of the life. "Fine words," says one homely old proverb, "butter no parsnips;" and if the question be how to render those vegetables palatable, an ounce of butter would be worth more than all the orations of Cicero. The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge "twixt man and man," but a beautiful magic, what erstwhile bore the image and superscription of God.—J. Russell Lowell.

Lord, let me have anything but Thy crown, and anything with Thy smile.

A flower will have something sweet to say to you, no matter where you put it.

There is no sin in praying for God to open the windows and let in the all the tithes into the storehouse.

FROM FORTS AND OUTPOSTS



Bowmanville.

The Bowmanville soldiers are all praising God for the many victories won. Even poor old Lazarus is not forgotten. Sister Murley will see to that. Keep your eye on this part of the battlefield.—The old man.

Owen Sound.

Sunday we had a high day in Zion. Many souls were converted, and four knelt at the Cross. Adjt. Ostlie is a proper Blood-and-Fire warrior. Thionzi you do not hear from us very often, yet we are alive for God, and Satan's power shall fall. Owen Sound comrades are all right, and Captain Stephens is in good spirits.—J. McEuan, Capt.

Gravenhurst.

God has been working in our midst and souls are being saved. Sabbath Jan. 19th, a beautiful funeral service was conducted by Capt. Redburn, of Millbrook, on which occasion the barracks was crowded. Six sisters were chosen for pall-bearers. We marched from the barracks to the cemetery. At the graveside the pall-bearers sang "Jesus, Love of my soul," and our sister was laid to rest. We are having times of revival here. Nine souls knelt at the Mercy Seat last week. Praise God! We are pressing on to victory. The soldiers of Lindsay corps are all right.—R. G.

Lindsay.

Our dear sister, Mrs. Mosley, has been promoted to Glory. Saturday Jan. 19th, a beautiful funeral service was conducted by Capt. Redburn, of Millbrook, on which occasion the barracks was crowded. Six sisters were chosen for pall-bearers. We marched from the barracks to the cemetery. At the graveside the pall-bearers sang "Jesus, Love of my soul," and our sister was laid to rest. We are having times of revival here. Nine souls knelt at the Mercy Seat last week. Praise God! We are pressing on to victory. The soldiers of Lindsay corps are all right.—R. G.

Bucksville.

We are glad to report the joy and refreshment brought us through Staff-Capt. Stanton's visit. Two days, in which souls were impressed, pleaded with, and the corps benefited, for although none yielded, yet seed was undoubtedly sown that will yield a plentiful harvest in the near future. One drawback to greater success was a genuine Muskoka blizzard, that kept the crowd indoors. But, as the sainted John Wesley said, though our comrades were against us, yet "the best of all is God is with us." Last Sunday two lads, who were backsliders, gave themselves to God, and one other, in the holiness meeting, sought power to pay the debt to God. Praise God! We are moving on, and although the devil has been raging, God gives us the victory.—J. H., J. S., S.-M.

Ligar Street.

Adj. Scarr has forewelled from Ligar St., after over a year's faithful work for the Master. She has been a great help to the soldiers, and has led many sinners and backsliders back to God. The Adjutant's labors have been untiring, in fact her devotion to the cause and the anxiety for the welfare of her soldiers and the salvation of sinners has injured her health so much that now she is going on furlough for a short time. May God bless and restore her speedily. As a final send-off the Adjutant conducted a band festival, which was attended by a splendid crowd. Capt. Parker, Bros. Hart and Scott and others soloed and spoke words of affection and

cheer to our departing comrade. We are going in to help Ensign Sims and his dear wife to roll the old chariot along. Our Sunday evening's meeting, led by Adjt. Burrows, was a red-hot, soul-saving time. Three souls sought salvation, two signifying their intention of becoming soldiers.—S. McFarland, R. C.

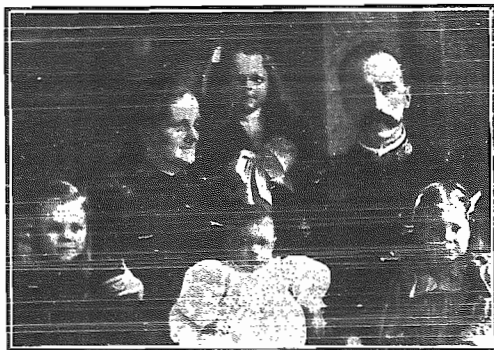


Cobourg.

Since last report two precious souls have been to the Cross. Wednesday night we had with us Captain Wilson, of Fort Hope. You can rest assured we had a good time.—Ituth Crego.

Prescott.

Staff-Capt. Burditt was with us for a meeting. He gave a red-hot salvation address on "Only a step," and led a rousing testimony meeting. We had a good crowd, good collection, and succeeded in capturing three souls. The universal cry is, "Come again, Staff-Captain!"—A. L. B.



Brigadier and Mrs. Scott and Family.

Our old Canadian comrades are going to take charge of Fort Andy Farm Colony.

Ogdensburg.

We have just had visit from our Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Burditt. The Staff-Captain gave a thrilling account of the work in India. A good crowd was present and seemed pleased with the meeting. We all enjoyed the Staff-Captain's visit. He is just the same man that I saw in Hamilton three years ago, with the same zeal and earnestness for God and souls. We all say, "Come again, Staff-Captain!"—T. R.

Kemptville.

Owing to sickness, our beloved P. O., Brigadier Pacinira, was unable to visit us. We were sorry, but hope he will soon be better. God bless him. Capt. Weir came in his stead. He gave us a short sketch of his life, which was very interesting. Everyone enjoyed it, and we would like the Captain to visit us often. Two raised their hands for prayer. We are believing for a smash soon. Kemptville is the place.—Lena Newell, Capt.

Pleton.

We have had some glorious times. Ensign Pugh has been around the District, and arrived home somewhat exhausted after a forty-mile drive in

a stage-coach. He had a grand time. God came very near and souls were saved. Since he took charge of this corps, a little over two months ago, some fifty-two have sought salvation and the blessing of a clean heart. We had a pound meeting on Saturday night, and Bro. Paul, from Watertown, was with us on Sunday. We are free from debt, for which we praise God. Ensign's new songs, "Where does the harm come in?" and "They only compel you to go," take well. One soul sought salvation on Thursday night. Lieut. Jewell still looks after the flock in Bloomfield.—Lillie Love.

Kingston.

We arrived in Kingston on the afternoon of Dec. 6th. A band of sisters met us at the depot, which had great effect of making us feel glad we had come. They escorted us to the quarters, where they had a hot supper prepared for us. God bless them! We had a beautiful welcome by all the corps and a full hall at night. Good for Kingston! Since then six weeks have elapsed, and we have had the privilege of seeing something done for God. Twenty-eight souls have sought Jesus. Our War Crys are all sold by the boomers, who number eight. Each have their allotted dis-



Strathroy.

We have been holding some good meetings lately, and God is blessing us in a wonderful manner. We are going in to lick sin and the devil, and believe we are the people that can do it, if we put our whole trust in God. Sunday night we had two souls out for salvation, and we believe God has done a thorough work in their hearts. They are getting along well. Conviction is felt in our meetings, and we are looking for a revival in the near future.—S. Brindley.



Devil's Lake.

We were very glad to have a visit from the Major. His meetings were a blessing to all. Yesterday we enrolled three comrades under the Blood-and-Fire flag, and one soul sought salvation. Finances and crowds are improving, and the fire is burning brightly. War Correspondent.

Newnawa.

Last Sunday night God came very near, and His Spirit was felt in the meeting. One young man volunteered for salvation, and after some prayer and pleading, number two knelt at the Cross. Both testified to God's saving power, and we had a march round the hall. The invitation was given again, when two more knelt at the Cross, making five for the night.—R. C.

Valley City.

Many hearts have been made glad through the visit of the Red-Hot Brigade, and the work done for God during the past two weeks. The Brigade was ably assisted by Ensign Perry, Rev. Mr. Christ (of the German Methodist Church), and Rev. Mr. Jephcott (of the M. E. Church). Seven souls sought salvation at the penitent forum. May they prove true warriors of the Bleeding Lamb.—Father Harvey.

Carmar.

We praise God for a week of success. We had one continual run of soul-saving. The returning of some of our comrades in his direct answer to the many prayers which have ascended the throne on their behalf. Others have come out for full consecration and desperate sinners are being converted. We close the week's work with seven in the Fountain, and live for the second blessing.—Albert Dullman, J. S. 8-M.

Jamesstown.

Our Christmas celebrations will not soon be forgotten. Santa Claus had two trees loaded with presents for the children, all of whom rendered songs or recitations, which made a very interesting program. Since then Ensign Perry has visited us with his lantern. The story of "A Drunken Mother" was very impressive. We have with us now the Red-Hot Brigade. Their meetings are well attended the hall being crowded to the doors. We are looking forward to victory.—Corps-Cadet O. R. Carver.

What you choose to grasp with your mind is the question; much more serious than how you handle it afterwards. What does it matter how you build, if you have laid bricks to build with; or how you reason, if the ideas with which you begin are foul or false? And in general all fatal, false reasoning proceeds from people having some one false notion in their hearts, with which they are resolved their reasoning shall comply.



Drayton.

We had a beautiful crowd at our Watch-night service. Five recruits were enrolled. The Band of Love has been organized.—L. McC., for Capt. Bonny.

Simcoe.

God's strong arm is proving mighty to save in this place. One more soul professed conversion on Sunday night. Praise God for victory. Saturday night was the first appearance of the zebra band in Simcoe, comprising six zebra horns. The people were delighted.—B. Greenwood, Lieut.

The Dynamic Quartette

AT ORILLIA AND BARRIE.

Forty-three Souls Come Forward.

Leaving Lindsay, we journeyed out to Orillia to find Capt. Wilson and Kivell with everything arranged for a successful series of meetings. Your humble servant was away for a few days' furlough at home, and joined the troupe again at Barrie. Serjeant-Major Moore, of Lindsay, accompanied us to Orillia, and helped to enliven the proceedings.

Just after the first five or six days' meetings had been held, Capt. Kivell took ill with pneumonia, and the second week's meetings had to be postponed for a short time. We are very glad to say, however, that the Captain is improving nicely and is almost entirely well again.

The last meeting was held at Rama, a small Indian village near by, and you can well imagine, with our Indian comrades, what a lively time we spent. Six came forward, and in their broken English declared their intention to be true. The five or six days were, we believe, productive of much good. Eleven came out for salvation, and one for the blessing. We return in three weeks to continue the meetings at this place.

Barrie.

After the first two days' meetings at Barrie, Major Turner, who parted from us at Lindsay, again joined us, and led the week-end meetings, including an officers' council and a half-night of prayer. It is needless to say we had a blessed season of it. Everyone came with high expectations, and were not disappointed.

The Major, although not feeling well, took hold with his old-time vigor and usual free, jovial manner, and after everyone was made to feel quite free he delivered the truth to the heart of the people. Several came out to prove its realities.

Monday afternoon we met together for an officers' council. Some of the special features were instructive addresses from Capt. Hanna and several others. Adj. DesBrisay spoke on "The value of an officer's experience." No one could better deal with this subject than she, having spent some thirteen years as an officer. She told how that, in her early experience, acting as nurse and carrying soup to an old lady, she, by this means, led her to Christ.

Live Your Converts Work.

Adj. Newmann, who has had some experience as a seaman, gave in his address such expressions as "Set sail!" "Heave her to!" and "Back her out!" The Adjutant is a firm believer in "What we have we'll hold," and said he did not feel like spending strength and energy over people who simply came out to the front, and then were here and there, and nowhere in particular, but felt like dealing with them to make them feel that something further was required of them besides kneeling at a penitent form. His idea is, "Give your converts something to do, and make them feel that they have an important part to perform in the great work of soul-saving." The Adjutant said that he always felt soldier-making was one of the most important parts of his warfare.

The Dynamics each gave a talk, and

THE DYNAMIC QUARTETTE ON THE MOVE.



Capt. Cornish.

Capt. Trickey.

Capt. Pynn.

Adj. Newman.

Brigus.

We are glad, after a little hardness, to be able to say we are having victory. On Monday we visited the outpost, walked five miles, visited twenty-five houses, and had a meeting. There were one hundred and eighty present, and one soul professed salvation. We came back dancing happy with our sacks full of food.—A. Stickland, Capt.

Bird Island Cove.

We had good meetings on Sunday; God was with us. Many sinners were convicted, but none would yield. We had our new D. O. Adj. Boggs, with us on Thursday, who proved a blessing to us, although there was only a small crowd, it being very cold, and many people not knowing the Adjutant was here. We are believing for bright times in the near future.—Wm. Ford, Capt.

Bonavista.

The Lord has been very near. At the Watch-night service we had the joy of enrolling five recruits under the colors, and on Sunday night one soul volunteered for God. There was great rejoicing when Adjutant, on behalf of the Commissioner, presented the new flag to the corps. The War Cry is all sold out. Our Sergeant is a knutter. We are believing for a crash in the devil's ranks this winter.—Lieut. R. Bagge.

Gambo.

Although for some time past we have had our barracks closed, through sickness being in the place, we are glad to report that we have again opened fire on the enemy. Sunday God came very near, and at night one wanderer returned to the fold. We closed with a proper hallelujah wind-up. Xmas War Cry went like hot cakes. We are having our War Cry number increased.—Lieuts. Heblitch and Blackmore.

Greenspond.

On Friday night three came out for full salvation. Sunday we had blessed times. The Lord came near in the kneedrill, and as we sang that old chorus, "Jesus will answer prayer," the faith that moves mountains took possession of us, and the glory filled our souls. At night we stormed the

ranks of the enemy and captured one prisoner. The Watch-night service on Monday night was a glorious time. Four recruits took their stand to fight for God and souls. We finished up at 1 a.m. with one soul in the Fountain. "Victory" is our motto for the New Year.—J. Wisemann, Capt.

Jackson's Cove.

Praise God, we are still on the up grade. On Xmas Day our souls were greatly blessed. Both saved and unsaved felt that the Spirit of God was among us. The meeting at night was a glorious time. One precious soul knelt at the Mercy Seat. The Xmas War Cry was disposed of in about ten minutes. Everyone pronounced it the best on record. New Year's Day we had our Juniors' Jubilee and Xmas Tree. The children occupied the platform and presented an interesting program. Our motto for 1901 is "Fight and win."—Lieut. Gosse.

Seal Cove.

We have spent some time in repairing and painting our little barracks, which now looks very attractive. The afternoon and night's meetings of Xmas Day were times of blessing. Sunday we had good crowds and blessed times. The solos sung by our comrades left a lasting impression on the sinners present. We had a glorious time at Watch night service. One recruit was enrolled under the good old flag, and as the New Year dawned upon us we pledged ourselves that the coming year would be the best we have ever spent.—A soldier.

North Sydney.

Last Sunday's kneedrill was the largest we have had for some time. Splendid meetings all day. At night Capt. Thompson gave an impressive address to the Godless virgins, particularly emphasizing the words, "The door was shut." Some good must surely come from the Captain's well-chosen words. A bomb-shell struck the platform Thursday night, in the shape of a bogus article. No harm was done. Capt. Leadley, from Sydney Mines, took part in this special meeting, and rendered some good mandolin solos. We hear a faint sound of the Commissioner's coming to North Sydney, and guarantee her a real Cape Breton welcome.—N. Martell, Treas.

Windsor.

We are glad to say that our Watch-night service was a time of power, when we each one renewed our vows to the Lord to be more faithful. Our dear Commissioner's letter was listened to with deep interest; also the presenting of the new flag. The old flag will be kept in memory of the nineteenth century. At the close we rejoiced over four precious souls seeking Jesus. We have had some special meetings, music and singing, which were much enjoyed, also a Junior Jubilee, subject, "Living Bible Pictures," which was very good. We are putting forth a united effort to clear of some debt. Our officers have the interest of the kingdom at heart, and we mean to help them all we can. Our crowds are very good, and of late quite a number have started to live for God. Others are convicted and will soon yield.—Jessie Irons, J. S. S.-M.

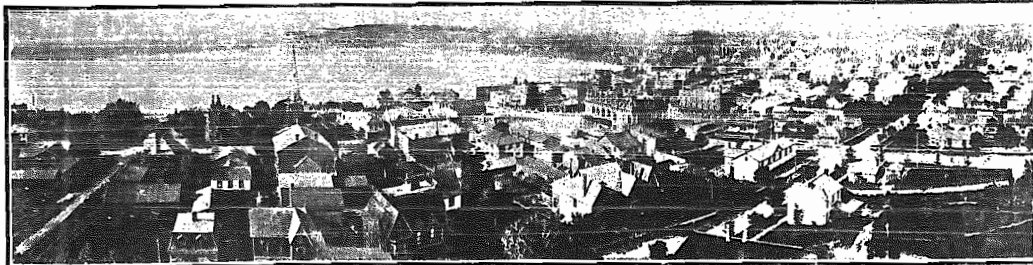


Grand Bank.

Our crowds are good, income good, our souls good, God good, devil very, very bad. God is helping us to fight him. Victory or death, is our battle cry.—Ensign Cooper.

Harbor Grace.

On Thursday night we had a good time. Three souls knelt at the Cross for salvation. We are in for making it hot for the devil.—Sidney Salsbury, Lieut.



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF BARRIE, ONT.



Jan. 20th, 1901.

THE NEW KING.

Albert Edward, lately Prince of Wales, eldest son and second child of the Queen, has been proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India, etc., having assumed the title of King Edward VII. The official proclamations have been duly made according to the ancient usages, and all public ministers and officials have taken the oath of allegiance. The new King has created a favorable impression. He attended a special divine service, with all the members of the Royal Family and guests, last Sunday, which was also the anniversary of the birthday of the German Emperor, who was made a Field Marshal in the British Army. The German Crown Prince also was decorated with the Order of the Garter.

THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

The late Queen's funeral has been fixed for Feb. 2nd, and will take place at Windsor Castle. Her remains will be interred at Frogmore, beside her beloved Consort. In the magnificent incense which she built to his memory. Extensive preparations have been made for an impressive funeral ceremony. Memorial services will be held in all the colonies of the Empire, and by practically all denominations.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The news from the battlefields has been exciting interest in the Queen's death and the ascension of the Prince of Wales to the Throne. General Smith-Barrow has occupied Capetown after a stout resistance by the Boers. The N. Y. is now reported to be in Orange River Colony with only five hundred Boers. The invasion of Cape Colony has not resulted in any important engagement. The invaders seem to be moving without any definite object in view. A number of Boers dressed in khaki nearly succeeded in capturing a British outpost near Pretoria. The Boers succeeded in blowing up a rail train near Kimberley. They also captured a small post of British soldiers. It is further reported that twenty Cape Police surrendered to the Boers near Vryburg. General Methuen has ordered the West side of Cape Colony of Boer invaders.

MISCELLANEOUS MEMOS.

The United States is purchasing two islands of the Philippine group which were left out of the original transfer at the time of the treaty of peace, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, member of the W. C. T. U., recently, at Wichita, smashed several saloons' fixtures, because these saloons were run in open defiance against the prohibition law of the State. She claims that this desperate deed was necessary to rouse public sentiment against the liquor traffic, and she has certainly succeeded.

The Queen's eldest daughter, Empress Frederick of Germany, is developing serious symptoms. She suffers intensely from cancer.

Montreal was visited by some disastrous conflagrations recently, the largest of which resulted in a loss estimated at three million dollars. This included the magnificent Board of Trade Building, and several other important structures.

Weather reports from Dawson City state that the thermometer went 68 below zero on January 16th.

The Brauford Institution for the Blind reports that the number of blind people is decreasing, owing to better treatment for the eyes now being available.

Albany, New York, suffers from a small-pox epidemic.

Baron Wilhelm of Rothschild, the head of the famous banking firm at Frankfurt, is dead.



The New Board of Trade Building, Montreal, Destroyed by the Recent Fire

Twenty-one Doukhobors, who left last summer for California, to take up land, have returned to the Canadian North-West.

The steamer "Holland," from London, was wrecked off Amsterdam, and sixteen men were drowned.

Storms in Germany, and tidal waves, have caused much damage.

The new Australian confederation has in view preferential tariff in Britain, women's suffrage and Asiatic exclusion.

ESKIN SIMS' WELCOME TO LISGAR STREET.

Adj. Searr, who has spent a long and successful term at this corps, has faredwell, and it fell to the lot of the writer to attend the welcome meeting of Esquin Sims. This corps knows how to love the old officers, and also welcome the new. Esquin Sims is not altogether a stranger here, and some pleasant memories of the past were given by comrades who had met the Esquin before. The meeting was led by Major Turner, who kept things boiling with his happy introduction of the various speakers. Bro. Brown, J. S. M., spoke on behalf of the Juniors. Mrs. Bowers for the elders, and "Colonel" Matchett for himself and everybody else. The "Colonel" declared he had a great deal in his mind these days, but managed to give the Esquin a hearty welcome. His mind will probably be at rest by the time this is in print; he has just come in here and declares it is all right. Sister Dobany spoke on behalf of the Juniors, Corps-cadets, and young people, of whom there is a nice number in the corps. Sgt. Stickels made an excellent speech on finances, announcing the pleasing fact that the corps was free of debt. Capt. and Mrs. McLeod sang a duet. Bandmaster Hart spoke for the band, which seems to be in good condition, and during meeting gave some excellent music. Esquin Parker, who was in the city, on his way to the Eastern Province, had a few words, and Major Turner concluded a very happy, glad-to-see-you kind of meeting with a few appropriate and soul stirring remarks. Lisgar St. has given its new officers a real heart-warming welcome, and we prospect for this corps a continuance of victory under its new leader. God bless Lisgar St.—Visitor.

A Reminiscence of Adj. Geo. Arkett.

I notice in the War Cry the death of Adj. Arkett. Never shall I forget his body, happy life. He lived above his feelings, was always in earnest, and full of sympathy for the wayward children of men. As we rode our horses along the mountains of British Columbia, visiting and conducting meetings together, his whole soul was in his work. He was fully the Lord's, had victory over self, was always busy, and was loved by the rough miner and cowboy. They loved to hear him sing, for he put his soul into it. As I often remarked, he sang from his feet up to his head, and his eyes would sparkle with joy, reflecting the peace within.

He enjoyed the clear air of the mountains, but once, after we had been separated, he overtook himself

in a trip into Barkerville, over two miles of deep snow. He would often speak of home, and how he was converted. He loved his work, was a real Salvationist, and full of praise to his God and Saviour. May the God of all comfort bless the bereaved ones.—Babb, Smith, Adj.

The Praying Gang.

Excellent Start at St. Thomas and Ingersoll—Seventy-six Souls Forward.

The Soul-Saving Troupe, of West Ontario, arrived at St. Thomas on Saturday, Dec. 20. The week-end meetings were led by our worthy leaders, Major and Mrs. McMillan, assisted by the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Hawling, and the soldiers turned out very well to the meetings.

On Saturday night some real fighting was done, and seven souls came out to the penitent form. Halldahlo! On Sunday the crowds were good, and thirteen more came forward during the day.

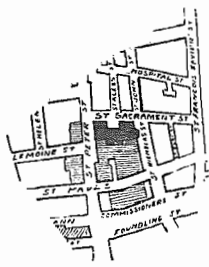
A very good crowd was present at the Watch-night service. Our P.O. presented the New Century Colors to the soldiers. Seven of the oldest soldiers and one junior held the flag, while we all pledged ourselves to fight under the colors till the end. We commenced the new century on our knees before the Almighty, with a strong determination that, by the grace of God, the year shall be the best of all. The Major also enrolled six soldiers.

Tuesday night seven more were seen at the Mercy Seat. An aged brother, of 74 years, his wife, son, and daughter, knelt at the penitent form to which the angels in heaven surely rejoice over.

The Troupe finished up at St. Thomas feeling that we had done our best for God and souls, with a total at the penitent form of thirty-one men and women.

After attending our beloved Commissioner's meeting on Monday night at London, we came on to Ingersoll, one of my old stations. It did me good to see the comrades still fighting for God and souls. The dear Lord helped us and gave us a glorious victory. Staff-Capt. Hawling led the good and much interested in the Staff-Captain's address. Fourteen came forward during the week-end. Monday night our half-night of prayer commenced about 8 p.m. and continued till quarter to three a.m. The presence was felt, and we had the joy of seeing twenty-five souls at the Cross. It was just grand. We had a good run around the barracks, and shouted about for joy. The total number of souls who came forward at Ingersoll during our stay was forty-five. The officers and some comrades from Woodstock drove over for the half-night of prayer, and took the Troupe back to Woodstock. I might say that the soldiers and friends at St. Thomas and Ingersoll were very kind to us. God bless them.—W. Orchard, Adj.

Neither can he that mindeth his own business find much matter for envy. For envy is a golden chain, and walketh the streets and doth not keep home.



Map of the Montreal Fire.

The shaded portions were destroyed.

AN ARMY WEDDING AT PETERBORO.

The Halldahlo Wedding, which was to take place in our barracks on the 27th of December, was looked forward to with great expectancy. Everybody was excited and wondering what was this they were told would be revealed on the 27th. The barracks had been elaborately decorated by Messrs. J. J. Turner & Sons, of whom the bride had been an employee for seven years, and the occasion was looked upon as a most eventful one. The doors of the barracks were thrown open at six o'clock, and by eight the building was crowded from end to end. The march came in, the soldiers took their places on the platform, and in a moment the bridal party arrived. There was no



Bandsman Mendell and Mrs. Greene Recently married at Peterboro.

wedding march, but their appearance was followed by a salvation valley, which made all present feel at home. Brigadier Pugmire gave out the opening song, which went with a swing. The band furnished good music. The Brigadier then said that weddings did not occur every day, and made all be happy with the contracting parties, who were about to be united for life under the good old flag. Sgt. Major Constable was called upon to have a few words on behalf of the corps, and Sgt. Major Braund on behalf of the Juniors, as the bride had been a J. S. worker for a number of years. The event of the evening next occurred in the union of our two comrades, Bandsman J. Mendell Greene and Sgt. Nellie Bacon. The interesting and

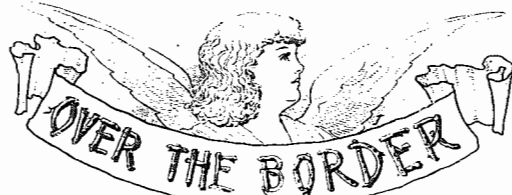
Solemn Ceremony

was performed by Brigadier Pugmire, who is an excellent hand at such work. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Gertrude. Both were dressed in regular Army uniform with a bow of white ribbon on the left shoulder. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Carlos Greene, while Master Mendell Braund (nephew of the groom) acted the part of page. The Brigadier read telegrams from Mrs. Brigadier Pugmire, Staff-Capt. Burditt, and Adj. Williams, of Montreal, also Capt. Wilson, of Port Hope.

The Brigadier then addressed the wedding couple, giving them some good wholesome advice, in his kind, fatherly way, which, I am sure, will be useful in years to come. A duet by Brigadier Pugmire and Adj. Babbington followed, and the meeting was brought to a close by prayer.

The bride and groom received the hearty congratulations of their friends and adjourned to the J. S. hall where a wedding supper had been prepared for soldiers and invited guests.

We trust that our comrades will go on and work for God and souls, as they have done in the past. Mildred Bacon.



Through the Pearly Gates.

FREDERICTON, N. B. With deep sorrow we report the death of our esteemed comrade, Mrs. Richard Owens, who left this world Jan. 5th, at 3:40 a.m. One week previous our comrade stood with us in the open air and was the first to step into the ring and tell the people of her love for God.

Her illness was short. Her triumph was complete. When told there was no hope for her recovery, she said she was ready and trusting in Jesus, and that she had no fear, for the Lord held her hand. She faithfully dealt with those around her, testifying to the goodness of God, and asking them to be faithful and meet her in heaven.

The Fredericton corps has lost a faithful soldier, one who at all times did her duty; but we praise God for the testimony left behind. Sister Owens was a faithful mother and loving wife, and much sympathy is felt for her husband and family.

We gave her a real Army funeral, on Sunday, Jan. 6th. Adjt. Byers, assisted by Adj. Higgins, conducted the service, which was very impressive. Upwards of two hundred people attended the service, thus testifying to the esteem in which our late comrade was held by all who knew her.

At night the memorial service was conducted by Adjt. Byers, who spoke of our departed comrade, and warned others to fit themselves for that great day when they will have to answer to the summons.

Faithful Unto Death.

Our comrade, Sister Lizzie Little, after a short although severe illness, was called up higher on Christmas Day. For about three years she had not enjoyed the blessing of robust health, but so faithfully and dutifully, which were very few, excepting those dearest to her, ever suspected that the fulfilling of her duties was a trial to her strength.

During the week of sickness, before God took her, she suffered much, but for the few days the pain did not seem so severe, and she passed away peacefully.

Our comrade was young to die—only twenty-three years—but she inherited a short life from her Saviour, who, for she left the evidence that she was ready.

When her power of speech was gone, and those watching eagerly questioned her as to whether her Saviour was precious while hearing the dark valley, she signed to them that all was well, and raising her arm pointed upward.

We shall miss her much. Although often not permitted, through her weakness, to attend the meetings as often as she would have liked, she could be depended upon to do what she could. Her voice has not been heard so much in public as some, but she was one of the most willing workers "behind the scenes," whether it meant scrubbing the barracks or selling tickets for a special meeting.

She has grown up in our midst from a Junior, and it seemed hard to part, but we felt that our Father's love allowed it, and she kneweth best.

Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, with the band and soldiers met at the home of Brother and Sister Little, where an impressive service was held, before the march to the cemetery.

The Ensign led a memorial service on Sunday night. Bro. and Sister Little, with those comrades who had been with our departed comrade in her last days on earth, spoke of their last days of meeting her in the morning. Many were touched, and we do pray that, through the influence of that meeting, some will prepare to meet their God.—A. E. T.

Safe at Home.

HEART'S DELIGHT.—We are once more reminded that death is sure. During the last few days two of our comrades have been taken from our side. Bro. Richard Jerrett and Bro. Abraham Harman.

Bro. Jerrett, who has been suffering for some months, was called high on Dec. 22nd. I visited him while sick and found him unwell. As I endeavored to point him to Christ he said, "It seems that God won't save me now." We read from God's word, prayed and sang, but still all seemed dark. The last time I went to visit him, as I drew near the house I saw that the blinds were drawn. I met the father, who, although bereaved, was happy in the fact that his boy had found peace before passing away. His father being a soldier desired that the Salvation Army should bury his son. So on Xmas Eve, we laid the remains of our brother beneath the clay, but with the hope of meeting him on the other shore.

We buried our comrade, Bro. Harman on Xmas Day, the funeral service being conducted by Capt. Fugh and N. W. Well. This being the first Army funeral conducted here, we engaged the Fishermen's Hall for the service. Many hearts were touched as Capt. Fugh read from the word and reminded those present of the uncertainty of life. The march to the cemetery was impressive, and we had no doubt as we laid our comrade's body beneath the clay that all was well. We fought the good fight. We visited him in his suffering. When I asked if he was

afraid to die he sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast." Bro. Harman has been a soldier of this corps for nearly five years. He fell like a warrior and died at his post. A wife and two children mourn their loss.

Reader, are you ready if the summons was to come now? How could you stand at the bar of God? Could it be said of you that you fought a good night and did all you could? L. A. Simmons, Lieut.

To the Ranks Above.

FARGO, N. D.—With feelings of sadness we were called upon to conduct

XXXXXX

Mrs. Homer Bentley,
Fargo, N.D.



XXXXXX

the funeral service of our beloved comrade, Sister Mrs. Homer Bentley, one of the most loved and oldest soldiers of this corps, who was called home suddenly on Jan. 9th. Ensign Perry, assisted by Ensign Collett, conducted the service. Many friends and relatives attended. Our sister's life backed up her testimony, and she now enjoys the reward of her faithfulness. One week before her death she sang as a solo, that beautiful song, "We are on our way to Glory," little thinking she would soon be there. She was ready.

The memorial service on Sunday evening was a blessed time. God's presence came very near and many wept on account of sins committed, but none would yield to God, our deepest sympathy is with the bereaved, especially with the husband and four little children. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope. May we also be as ready to go.—M. Collett, Ensign.



Mother's Boy Asleep.

A little form in snowy white,
One fat arm thrown above his head.

With laughing blue eyes tightly closed,
Lies on his dainty cradle-bed.
Angels watch by that little form
As mother from him softly creeps:
The room is hushed—his sound is heard.

Speak softly, Mother's boy's asleep.

The years roll on, Another year.

With cards and novels strewn around;
A handsome youth with merry heart,
Amidst company gay as found.

He lifts a glass of sparkling wine,
Marks not that serpents round it creep.

Call loud and clear—he drains the glass—
Hush! hush! for mother's boy's asleep.

The moonlight streams through prison bars,
And rests upon a pinched, and face,

Where drink, and every sort of crime

With suffering, too, have left their trace.

The sleepier dreams of childhood days—
While warden's threat stern vigil keep.

"Mother," he whispers, and he smiles,

Speak lovingly, her boy's asleep.

A darkened room, a still, cold voice,

To attend the dead, have all gone by,
Who heard the dreary summons, "Come!"

And left us unprepared to die,
Fare follow to that lonely grave.

None stand beside its brink to weep,
Unmarked by even a little flower.

The spot where mother's boy's asleep.

Ah, ye! who serve your Master, Christ,

Who love the souls He died to win,
Who have been spared the bitter cup

Of seeing loved ones die in sin,
Fight on, and never cease your call

Till death's long shadows round you creep,
For close beside you, day by day,

Some mother's boy is fast asleep.

Minnie Pike,

North Sydney.



II.—THE ROMANS.

THE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE.

(Continued.)

The two Emperors were good soldiers, and kept their enemies back, but Diocletian celebrated a triumph at Nicomedia; but he had an illness just after, and, as he was fifty-nine years old, he decided that it would be better to resign the Empire while he was still in his full strength, and he persuaded Maximian to do the same. In 305, making Constantius and Galerius Emperors in their stead. Constantius stopped the persecution in the West, but it raged as fiercely in the East. Constantius fought bravely both in Britain and Gaul, with the enemies who tried to break into the Empire. The Franks, one of the Teuton nations, had constantly been plaguing in on the eastern frontier of Gaul, and the Caledonians on the northern border of the settlements in Britain. He opposed them gallantly, and was much loved, but died at Vicks, A. D. 305, and Galerius passed over his son, Constantine, and appointed a favorite of his own, named Licinius. Constantine was so much beloved by the army and people of Gaul that they proclaimed him Emperor, and he held the Province of Britain and Gaul securely against all enemies.

Old Maximian, who had only retired on the command of Diocletian, now came out from his retirement, and called on his colleague to do the same; but Diocletian was far too happy on his little farm at Salona to leave it, and answered the messenger who urged him again to come out upon the parade, "I have planted." However, Maximian was accepted as the true Emperor by the Senate, and made his son, Maximus, Caesar, while he left himself with Constantine, to whom he gave his daughter, Fausta, in marriage. Maximian turned out a rebel, and drove the old man away to Marselles, where Constantine gave him a home on condition of his not interfering with government; but he could not rest, and raised the troops in the south against his son-in-law. Constantine's army marched eagerly against him and made him prisoner, but even then he was pardoned; yet he still plotted, and tried to persuade his daughter, Fausta, to murder her husband. Upon this, Constantine was obliged to have him put to death.

Galerius died soon after of a horrible disease, during which he was filled with remorse for his cruelties to the Christians, sent to enreat their prayers, and stopped the persecution. In his death, Licinius seized part of his dominions, and there were four men calling themselves Emperors—Licinius in Asia, Daza Maximian in Egypt, Maximian at Rome, and Constantine in Gaul.

There was sure soon to be a terrible struggle. It began between Maximian and Constantine. This last marched out of Gaul and entered Italy. He had hitherto seemed doubtful between Christianity and paganism, but a wonder was seen in the heavens before his whole army, namely, a bright cross of light in the moon-like sky, with its words plainly to be traced round it, "Thou shalt conquer." The sight decided his mind; he proclaimed himself a Christian, and from Milan issued forth an edict promising the Christians his favor and protection. Great victories were gained by him at Turin, Verona, and on the banks of the Tiber, where, at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, in 312, Maximian was defeated and slain, and he was buried on the river. Constantine entered Rome, and was owned by the senate as Emperor of the West.

(To be continued.)

Let us pray God that He would root out of our hearts everything of our own planning and set out there with His own hands, the tree of life, bearing all manner of fruits.



ARAB, WHO WOULD HAVE WON, IS MISSING.

The Eastern Star Leads with a Low Figure—An Uninteresting Competition—Of All, the North-West Shows Best, All Things Considered.

THE EAST HAS TWIN CHAMPIONS.

Arab has been over-worked, and for that reason fails to report at the Judge's stand. We regret this, as Arab is a very interesting figure, and would have doubtless been in the lead this week, since the other provinces, save the North-West and Newfoundland, have totals much below the average.

What is 74 for the East, or 70 for East Ontario, or 64 for Niggeret, the Darling? Then the Pacific, with 29 names, is much below former records.

The championship might have been Kitchener's, but it goes to the Eastern twin-champions, Captain Martin and Cadet March, who sold 200 each.

So long!

EASTERN PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Cadet. Martin, Charlottetown | 200 |
| Cadet March New Glasgow | 200 |
| Ensign F. Kane, Westville | 140 |
| P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton | 130 |
| Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay | 150 |
| Cadet Kennedy, St. John I. | 104 |
| Capt. Thompson, North Sydney | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney | 100 |
| Capt. Allan, St. John II. | 100 |
| N. Flood, Hamilton | 100 |
| Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton | 100 |
| Lieut. Redmond, Chatham | 80 |
| Lieut. White, Chatham | 80 |
| Lieut. Tatem, St. John V. | 75 |
| Capt. Clark, St. John West | 70 |
| Lieut. Jones, Woodstock | 70 |
| Lieut. Payne, Chatham | 68 |
| Bro. Reid, St. John I. | 60 |
| Capt. Lorimer, Stephen | 60 |
| Mrs. Thompson, Newcastle | 60 |
| Lieut. Taylor, St. John I. | 60 |
| Lieut. McWilliam, Windsor | 60 |
| M. Myles, Kentville | 55 |
| Lieut. Murthough, Truro | 55 |
| Capt. Forre, Carleton | 55 |
| Capt. Doyle, Hillsboro | 55 |
| Sergt. Wild, Glace Bay | 50 |
| S. McFadden, Fredericton | 50 |
| Lieut. McKinn, Verpool | 50 |
| Lieut. Young, Hampton | 50 |
| Capt. Hawbold, Pictou | 50 |
| Lieut. Lebons, Pictou | 50 |
| Capt. Rutt, Bear River | 50 |
| Sergt. Milroy, St. John | 45 |
| Lieut. Newbray, St. George's | 45 |
| Sergt. Kelly, St. George's | 45 |
| P. S. M. Peckwood, St. George's | 45 |
| Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's | 45 |
| Sergt. Armstrong, St. John II. | 45 |
| Capt. Parsons, Digby | 45 |
| P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown | 45 |
| Sergt. Fraser, New Glasgow | 40 |
| Mrs. Capt. Clark, St. John IV. | 40 |
| A. Jennings, Windsor | 40 |
| Lieut. Melick, Fairville | 40 |
| Capt. Goodwin, Annapolis | 40 |
| Mrs. Thompson, Campbellton | 37 |
| Capt. Green, Snssex | 35 |
| Capt. Green, Bridgetown | 35 |
| A. Thompson, Moncton | 35 |
| P. Adams, St. John V. | 30 |
| Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown | 30 |
| Ensign Larder, Houlton | 30 |
| Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth | 30 |
| Capt. Leadley, Sydney Mines | 30 |
| Capt. Armstrong, Lunenburg | 30 |
| Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor | 30 |
| Capt. McEachern, Chatham | 30 |
| Ensign Sabine, Catala | 20 |
| Mrs. Channing, Chatham | 20 |
| Lieut. Smith, St. John III. | 20 |
| Sergt. Jones, St. John III. | 20 |
| Lieut. Tiller, St. John III. | 20 |
| M. Sparks, New Glasgow | 20 |
| J. Parsons, New Glasgow | 20 |
| P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton | 20 |
| Sister Rosa, Fredericton | 20 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| S. Bishop, Campbellton | 20 |
| Capt. Wyatt, Moncton | 20 |
| Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown | 20 |
| Sergt. J. Moore, Charlottetown | 20 |

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Mrs. Ensign Fugh, Pictou | 185 |
| Capt. Busch, Cornwall | 165 |
| Sergt.-Major Barber, Burlington | 150 |
| Sergt.-Major Dudley, Ottawa | 125 |
| Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury | 105 |
| Capt. Pitcher, Brockville | 80 |
| Capt. Lang, Gananoque | 80 |
| P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I. | 85 |
| Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. | 85 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa | 85 |
| Capt. Carter, Belleville | 75 |
| Mrs. Edwards, Kingston | 75 |
| Capt. Wilson, Port Hope | 75 |
| Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke | 73 |
| Ensign Yerex, Newport | 73 |
| Sister Robinson, Peterboro | 73 |
| Adjt. Moore, Kingston | 66 |
| Capt. Bliss, Ogdensburg | 66 |
| Sergt. Thompson, Belleville | 60 |
| Capt. Green, Trenton | 60 |
| Sergt. Moors, Montreal I. | 60 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Kingston | 67 |
| Capt. Slater, St. Albans | 60 |
| Capt. Crego, Cobourg | 60 |
| A. Donnelly, Cobourg | 50 |
| P. S. M. Veal, Barre | 50 |
| Capt. Edwards, Deseronto | 50 |
| Lieut. Crosler, Port Hope | 50 |
| Sergt. Sharer, Port Hope | 50 |
| Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke | 50 |
| Cadet-Lieut. Stata, Sherbrooke | 50 |
| Mrs. King, Napanee | 48 |
| Capt. Huxtable, Arnprior | 45 |
| Bro. Clark, Bloomfield | 45 |
| Adjt. Babinington, Peterboro | 45 |
| Capt. Randall, Odessa | 41 |
| Bro. Stone, Peterboro | 40 |
| Capt. Owen, Barre | 39 |
| Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg | 35 |
| Lieut. Bushey, Montreal II. | 35 |
| Lieut. Rutledge, Ogdensburg | 35 |
| Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed | 35 |
| Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford | 34 |
| Cadet Holiday, St. Albans | 34 |
| Capt. Magee, Perth | 32 |
| Lieut. Liddell, Perth | 31 |
| Capt. Norman, Quebec | 30 |
| Capt. Grose, Quebec | 30 |
| Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I. | 30 |
| Capt. Tytus, Burlington | 30 |
| Capt. Ash, Belleville | 30 |
| Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro | 28 |
| Sergt. Dine, Kingston | 28 |
| Cadet-Lieut. Jewell, Pictou | 27 |
| Sergt. Logie, Montreal | 25 |
| Sergt. Barber, Kingston | 25 |
| Treas. McEwan, Arnprior | 22 |
| Capt. Weir, Prescott | 22 |
| Childred Veal, Barre | 21 |
| Sergt. Raymo, Barre | 21 |
| Capt. Gammalidge, Sunbury | 20 |
| Cand Duncan, Ottawa | 20 |
| Lieut. Pittman, Newport | 20 |
| Sergt. Brown, Montreal I. | 20 |
| Sergt. Lewis, Montreal | 20 |
| S. Stanzel, Carleton Place | 20 |
| Treas. Gillan, Renfrew | 20 |
| Mrs. Hawley, Cloyne | 20 |
| Sergt. Brown, Kingston | 20 |

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

63 Hustlers.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Cadet-Lieut. Currell, Barrie | 140 |
| Capt. Hanna, Midland | 100 |
| Capt. A. F. Fournier, London | 70 |
| Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound | 75 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Sister Goldeu, Lippincott St. | 74 |
| Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St. | 70 |
| Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville | 65 |
| Capt. Peck, Oakville | 65 |
| Sister Tuck, Ligar St. | 53 |
| Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines | 51 |
| Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines | 51 |
| Lieut. Porter, Riverside | 50 |
| Capt. Matthews, North Bay | 50 |
| Lieut. Price, North Bay | 50 |
| Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood | 50 |
| Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket | 45 |
| Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket | 45 |
| Capt. Bowers, Sudbury | 45 |
| Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury | 45 |
| Ensign Brant, Chesley | 45 |
| Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls | 45 |
| Lieut. Porter, Dundas | 45 |
| Lieut. J. Marsell, Little Current | 42 |
| Capt. Connors, Dundas | 40 |
| Capt. Palling, Sturgeon Falls | 40 |
| S. M. Hinton, Oakville | 40 |
| Capt. McCann, Hamilton II. | 40 |
| Cadet-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton II. | 40 |
| Ensign Lott, St. Catharines | 40 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St. | 40 |
| Capt. Liston, Richmond St. | 38 |
| Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St. | 38 |
| Capt. Stolliker, Riverside | 35 |
| T. Moors, Lippincott St. | 35 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines | 35 |
| Capt. Meeks, Yorkville | 30 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines | 29 |
| P. S. M. Southwell, Richmond St. | 28 |
| Capt. Brooks, Aurora | 27 |
| Lieut. Stowell, Aurora | 27 |
| Capt. J. Marshall, Faversham | 27 |
| Capt. Liddard, Aurora | 27 |
| S. M. Slater, Aurora | 27 |
| Servt. Macintosh, Ligar St. | 25 |
| Capt. Sherwin, Ligar St. | 25 |
| Lieut. Gravett, Lindsay | 25 |
| Sergt. Richards, Lindsay | 25 |
| Lieut. Phillips, Orangeville | 25 |
| Bro. Carpenter, Orangeville | 25 |
| Capt. Clark, Huntsville | 25 |
| Capt. Bond, Huntsville | 22 |
| Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside | 25 |
| Adjt. Walker, Riverside | 25 |
| P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines | 23 |
| Lieut. McGregor, Brampton | 23 |
| Capt. Calvert, Brampton | 22 |
| Lieut. Christopher, Gravenhurst | 22 |
| R. Nelson, Lindsay | 20 |
| Lieut. Minns, Uxbridge | 20 |
| Adjt. DesBrisay, Barrie | 20 |
| Mrs. Stanton, Bowmanville | 20 |
| Ensign Hyde, Lippincott St. | 20 |
| Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville | 20 |

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Cadet Hoepfner, Winnipeg | 130 |
| Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown | 88 |
| Lieut. J. Cook, Port Fortage | 80 |
| Ensign Glett, Fargo | 78 |
| Capt. Blodgett, Brandon | 78 |
| Lieut. Lawford, Fargo | 70 |
| P. S. M. Jackson, Portage la Prairie | 70 |
| Lieut. E. H. Port William | 68 |
| Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Regina | 65 |
| Lieut. E. Gamble, Souris | 60 |
| Capt. S. Draper, Moorhead | 60 |
| Capt. M. Wlek, Prince Albert | 62 |
| Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary | 60 |
| Sergt. M. Pike, Edmonton | 60 |
| Cadet Papstein, Winnipeg | 60 |
| Cadet Stapleton, Winnipeg | 60 |
| Sister A. Pearce, Calgary | 48 |
| Mrs. R. Taylor, Neepawa | 45 |
| Capt. S. Jaws, Dauphin | 43 |
| Capt. A. Fournier, William | 40 |
| Capt. M. Meyers, Minot | 40 |

PREPARE FOR THE SIEGE

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Sergt. Harvey, Valley City | 40 |
| Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg | 40 |
| Lieut. Engdahl, Moosomin | 36 |
| Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Devils Lake | 35 |
| Lake | 35 |
| Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton | 35 |
| Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur | 35 |
| Lieut. B. Moller, Devils Lake | 32 |
| Capt. L. Smith, Medicine Hat | 31 |
| Mrs. Ensign Hobkirk, Grouard | 30 |
| Forks | 30 |
| Capt. W. White, Portage la Prairie | 30 |
| Cadet I. McCann, Port Arthur | 30 |
| Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg | 30 |
| Capt. B. Fell, Grafton | 28 |
| Lieut. L. Nuttall, Minot | 28 |
| Sister Danby, Moorhead | 27 |
| Lieut. Potter, Grafton | 25 |
| Lieut. J. Hardy, Hannah | 25 |
| Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg | 25 |
| Capt. B. Fell, Grafton | 25 |
| Lieut. L. Nuttall, Minot | 25 |
| Sister Danby, Moorhead | 25 |
| Sergt. Long, Brandon | 23 |
| Adjt. F. Deane, Brandon | 22 |
| Lieut. McRae, Lartimore | 22 |
| Cadet Morris, Grand Forks | 21 |
| Capt. Forsberg, Emerson | 20 |
| Cadet Mansell, Grand Forks | 20 |
| Capt. Barrager, Larimore | 20 |
| Sister Donald, Port Arthur | 20 |
| Sergt. Lumberg, Port Arthur | 20 |
| Capt. Brown, Virden | 20 |
| Sergt. Trew, Winnipeg | 20 |

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

29 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson | 160 |
| Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Victoria | 140 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Butte | 140 |
| Lieut. Mason, Billings | 110 |
| Bro. Preston, Spokane | 110 |
| Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Helena | 105 |
| Capt. Krell, Missoula | 90 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Hay, Westminister | 87 |
| Lieut. Brewster, Missell | 82 |
| Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nainaiho | 70 |
| Carrie Bowles, Vancouver | 68 |
| Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver | 60 |
| Capt. Miller, New Whatcom | 68 |
| Lieut. Buck, New Whatcom | 60 |
| Capt. Thoen, Spokane | 50 |
| Treas. Mortimer, Victoria | 45 |
| Cadet Evans, Helena | 42 |
| Lieut. Holder, Vancouver | 42 |
| Sister Anderson, Helena | 41 |
| Mrs. Nesbitt, Helena | 40 |
| Lieut. Avery, Butte | 40 |
| Ensign Bloss, Kamloops | 40 |
| Capt. Scott, Lewiston | 40 |
| Capt. Gain, Lewiston | 37 |
| Capt. Lewis, Pocatello | 35 |
| Capt. Lacey, Fernie | 30 |
| Capt. Ziebart, Butte | 30 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Alward Vancouver | 20 |

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

21 Hustlers.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Sergt. J. Listone, St. Johns I. | 75 |
| Capt. M. James, St. Johns I. | 60 |
| Sergt. Listone, St. Johns I. | 60 |
| Lieut. Sashbury, Harbor Grace | 60 |
| Sergt.-Major Ebbary, St. Johns I. | 55 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Peddie, St. Johns I. | 55 |
| Sergt. M. Blackmore, Pilley's Island | 55 |
| Sergt. E. Hedges, St. Johns I. | 25 |
| Cadet G. White, St. Johns I. | 25 |
| Cadet A. Mercer, St. Johns I. | 25 |
| Cadet A. Peddie, St. Johns I. | 25 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I. | 20 |
| Sergt. E. Payne, St. Johns I. | 20 |
| Sergt. B. Muford, St. Johns I. | 20 |
| Sergt. Mary Lundon, St. Johns I. | 20 |
| Sergt. Orane, Harbor Grace | 20 |
| Sergt.-Major Bartlett, Briggs Cove | 20 |
| Sergt.-Major Downey, Selly Cove | 20 |
| Cadet Hardisty, St. Johns I. | 20 |
| Cadet Cronle, St. Johns II. | 20 |
| Sergt. Carter, St. Johns II. | 20 |

KLONDIKE.

2 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Long, Skagway | 121 |
| Ensign Gooding, Skagway | 101 |

A Musical "Snap"

During the Cold Spell.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

For a few weeks we will mail, postpaid, on receipt of 10 cents, a selection of Two "MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS," or Six for 25c.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME FOR SOLOISTS AND MUSICIANS.

The Trade Secretary,

Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Sn would not be so dead if the devn could not wear a mask.

For Band of Love Workers

THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

OUTLINE OF THE MORE IMPORTANT STRUCTURES AND FUNCTIONS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The Alimentary Canal.

The alimentary canal is an irregular tube, about thirty feet long, which stretched out. The mouth is the opening into its upper end, and the greater part of it lies twisted and coiled up in the abdomen. The first part, extending from the back part of the mouth to the stomach, is called the oesophagus, or gullet, and simply serves to convey food to the stomach.

THE STOMACH.—The stomach is the most dilated part of the alimentary canal. This dilatation forms a conical sack, curved on itself, and situated in the abdomen on the left side of the body below the lungs and heart, and separated from them by the diaphragm. Its large end is at the left side, covered by the lower ribs, while its small end extends over to the right side. When moderately full it is about twelve inches in length and four in diameter, its capacity being about three pints in the adult. In the stomach is accomplished part of the process of digestion. It secretes from its walls an acid fluid, called the gastric juice, which acts chemically on the food, which is also reduced or broken up by the movements of its walls.

THE SMALL INTESTINE.—The small intestine is a continuation of the alimentary canal extending from the stomach to the large intestine. It is about twenty feet in length, and lies in coils in the abdomen. In it the portions of the food which have been either partially or not at all acted upon by the gastric juice come in contact with the walls of the small intestine, the pancreatic juice, which comes from the pancreas or sweetbread, and with the bile from the liver. All of these have their share in the process of digestion, each acting on parts of the food that the others do not affect.

After the food is digested, or in other words put into a condition proper to be introduced into the blood and to nourish the tissues, it is absorbed from the stomach and intestines by means of vessels for that purpose situated in the walls of those organs, and thence goes into the blood.

THE LARGE INTESTINE.—The small intestine terminates in the large intestine, a section of the alimentary canal, much larger in diameter, and about four feet in length. The right side of the abdomen, crosses over under the stomach and liver and passes down the left side and ends in the rectum, the last part of the alimentary canal.

The Liver.

The liver is a large, reddish-brown organ, weighing from three to four pounds. It lies in the abdomen, under the lungs, and separated from them by the diaphragm. The greater portion of it is in the right side of the body, while the remaining part extends into the left side. It measures from ten to twelve inches from side to side, six or seven from before back to side, and about three inches thick in its thickest part.

The function of the liver is to secrete the bile and to produce chemical changes in certain of the constituents of the blood.

The Kidneys.

The kidneys are two bean-shaped glandular bodies, placed in the back part of the abdominal cavity, one on each side of the spine at the level of the small of the back. Each kidney is about four inches in length, two in thickness, and weighs about five ounces. Internally there is a small cavity, and leading from it is a duct, or tube, through which the urine flows to the bladder.

The function of the kidneys is to secrete, or separate, the urine from the blood. The average daily secretion of the kidneys is about fifty ounces—about three pints.

The Skin.

The skin is a tough, flexible and elastic covering to the body. It is a bad conductor of heat, and consequently, with the help of the fatty tissue beneath, prevents the escape of heat from the body.

It is the principal seat of the sense of touch, and in it are sweat and sebaceous glands, hair follicles, nerves, and blood-vessels.

The sweat glands secrete in twenty-four hours about thirty-five ounces of water, or nearly as much as the kidneys, and with the water is thrown off large quantities of waste material from the tissues.

From the above it may easily be seen that the skin is not the simple structure it appears, and that it has other functions than that of simply covering the body. The excretory functions of the skin and kidneys are very closely related, diminution of the action of the skin being accompanied by increase of the action of the kidneys, and vice versa.

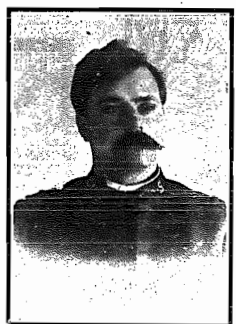


Missoula.

On Wednesday evening one dear brother gave himself up to our Saviour, resolving, with God's help, to live right. Capt. Fisher has been sick but, praise the Lord, she is able to be at the meetings once more. May God bless the Captain and give her back health and strength to push on the war here in Missoula.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Butta.

On Thursday night two sisters volunteered for salvation. Our soldiers' meeting resulted in one wanderer returning to his post, and on Saturday night two brothers came to the Cross. The barracks was nicely filled on Sunday night, and one dear sister could not wait for the invitation, but came out boldly in the middle of the service and gave her heart to God. I am glad to say that the interest is increasing. Although our barracks is



Ensign Stalger, T.F.S., North-West Prov.

quite a distance from the centre of the city, with no possible way to better our position at present, yet we go on in spite of it all and are going to come out with flying colours.—R. Prouse, R. C.

Kamloops.

God's work is advancing here. New Year's Watch-night service, conducted by the Ensign and Lieutenant, proved a great blessing. One sister sought and found the Pearl of Greatest Price. New Year's night Bro. Grezell gave a very enjoyable gramophone entertainment to a large and appreciative audience; proceeds in aid of our Social work. "Holiness unto the Lord," has been our officers' purpose since coming into our midst. The Rev. Mr. Ladner, and Rev. Mr. McLeod rendered good assistance in the holiness meetings. His Spirit is working on the hearts of the people. We have raised the standard since the New Year, not having colors till this year.—One of the standard bearers.

Dillon.

We were very sorry to lose our dearly beloved officers, Capt. and Mrs. Brown, who have been our leaders for the last six months. Capt. and Mrs. Brown leave with the prayers and best wishes of the soldiers.—A comrade.

Billings.

Billings is all right, souls are getting saved, and four recruits were enrolled on Sunday night under the Blood-and-Fire flag. May God keep them. We had a nice little dinner in the barracks on Xmas Day for the soldiers and a few friends, and a splendid tree for the children at night. We are sorry to lose our officers, Capt. Hurst and Lieut. Malcolm, who are farewelling. May God go with them to their next appointment. Capt. Darrach and Meredith are coming to us. May they prove a blessing to Billings.—Sergeant-Major.

Fernie.

We had a good day on Sunday, with three souls for salvation. Monday night was a heart-searching time. Some consecrations were made which will make the devil tremble in days to come. Fernie is all right. Prospects are good.—Maple.

Ingratitude.

At a dinner party in Bath, the Rev. William Jay was lamenting the ingratitude that Mrs. Hannah More had just then met with from a person whom she had formerly recommended to his good offices, upon which he received a look from her that silenced him. After dinner, drawing him to a corner of the room, she said, "You know, we must never speak of such things before people; for they are always too backward to do good, and they are sure to dwell on these facts to justify their illiberality." She finally added, "It is well for us sometimes to meet with such instances of ingratitude to show us our motives; for if they have been right, we shall not repent of the deed, though we lament the degradation of a fellow-creature. In these instances, also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of anyone towards us, compared with our ingratitude towards our Infinite Benefactor?"

The Thompson Hill Revival:

Or, HOW WE HELPED THE CHURCHES.

By CAPT. COPPERFIELD.

(Concluded.)

Friday was our last day. But the best of the wine seemed reserved for the last. We had planned to leave early, but at day-break the Spirit of the Lord woke me up and told me to go after Agatha Williams' brother, who lived about a mile away. I got there before he was awake, and prayed until he opened the door for me, and let me in. "I knew God would send you," said Agatha. The Lord enabled me to speak to him fully, and after a struggle with the devil, who was loath to let him go, we made a full surrender, confessing his sins and asking for pardon. His sister prayed for him, and he found peace, and kissed both her and me.

Bidding them good-bye, I stepped across the road to the class-room, where a prayer meeting was going on. I felt led to stop the one who was praying, and called for the immediate and unconditional surrender of those who really wished to be converted. A man with a wooden leg was the first to come out, and others followed weeping, until five knelt and prayed aloud for mercy. As they stood up to give their first testimonies for God, Agatha's brother came in and gave his too, so there was quite a rejoicing.

Hurrying away from there I got to our billet, where the horses were already saddled for our departure. On looking over my note book I found that 140 souls had publicly sought salvation since our advent on Sunday. "We want one to make up the 150," I said to a young woman living in the house, named Ada, "and I call upon you in the name of the Lord, to give up yourself to Him," I said. But she refused to yield. It was with difficulty that we got her on her knees. While praying with her, however, Anne's mother, an old colored woman of about 60 years of age, who was outside the room, screamed and came rushing in, throwing herself on the floor. "Lord, have mercy on a vile wretch like me," she cried. "I've never been married, but since she has told us she had been a Christian all her life, and had expressed sympathy with us in our effort to save others. However, we don't faithfully with her, and while doing so a married daughter of her's came in with a baby in her arms. "Take the baby from me," she cried, and then fell upon her knees, crying, "Lord, baptize me with Thy Holy Spirit!" She got up

after a time, saying she was filled with the fullness of God. Then my Lieutenant invited in three young men who had been looking through the window. One smiled a bit at first, but all three were soon confessing their sins to God, and pleading for mercy. Then a woman came along with a load of yams on her head. She "helped" down her load, and came forward with tears in her eyes, under deep conviction. The soldiers came in. "He is the vilest man in the district," said his wife to me, aside, "please speak to him." I did, and he was on his knees a few minutes afterwards. Then he found it hard to believe that God could and would forgive him there and then.

There were still a few present (for the neighbors came in) who were unsaved, and would not yield, including Ada. But looking round I saw one of the little children who had been converted on Wednesday night. Lifting her up on a table I told her to tell what the Lord had done for her. None other than God Almighty could have given her the words that she spoke! The tears ran down my face, and down the faces of everybody present. The three unsaved ones could hold out no longer; so we prayed for them, they prayed for themselves, and God got complete victory.

We had wanted one soul to make up the number of 150, and God gave us 15, making a grand total of 165.

We then re-consecrated ourselves to Him, sang the doxology several times, and bade each other farewell—many of the people following us along the road for about a mile. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. We tried to sing, but our voices were gone. But we had a wonderful peace within, as we felt that God had again set His seal upon our calling, and renewed our strength!

"Is there anything that You would specially care to say to me?" I asked the Lord as I rode alone, with my mind stayed upon Him; and He answered, "What I say unto all, I say unto you, Watch!"

If you would grow more in grace, try praying more for people you don't like.

The devil enjoys himself in the company of people who are well pleased with themselves.

THE SIEGE
Commences on Sunday,
Feb. 24th, and ends on
Good Friday, April 5th.

